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Opinion - **Sunday, February 26, 2006**

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One of Confederates' 'Immortal 600' is buried here in Alta Vista Cemetery

By Johnny Vardeman

COLUMNIST



Johnny Vardeman

A prominent monument near the main entrance of Alta Vista Cemetery in Gainesville is that of David Terrell Harris, a Confederate Army officer who died June 10, 1912.

The gravestone tells that he was among the "Immortal Six Hundred."

The Immortal 600 were Confederate officers captured by Union soldiers and used as a human shield against Rebel fire.

It started in the summer of 1864 when the Confederates transferred several hundred prisoners from Andersonville in Georgia to Charleston, S.C. The Federals took this to mean the Rebels were placing the Union prisoners in harm's way because Charleston was a key target in the Civil War.

So Union Gen. John Foster threatened to retaliate by placing Confederate prisoners on Morris Island in Charleston Harbor, which was under shelling by the Confederates. The order actually came from Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, and 600 Rebel prisoners were transferred from Fort Delaware.

The Confederate prisoners actually greeted the transfer as good news. They were going back South, hoping that it might be a prisoner exchange. The officers were boarded on the Crescent City, which ran aground north of Charleston. While the ship was stalled, some Confederates tried twice to escape, but failed.

Gen. Foster continued to threaten Gen. Samuel Jones of the Confederates that he would place the Rebel officers in the line of their fire if the Union prisoners in Charleston weren't removed. The Confederates answered that the prisoners were relocated to better conditions from Andersonville, where many had died. They also claimed the Federals knew where the Union prisoners were and could avoid shelling that location.

Nevertheless, Foster had the Rebel prisoners tied hand and foot and placed in front of his guns so the Confederates couldn't fire at them, and he could continue to shell Charleston at will.

The Confederates, however, continued their shelling of Morris Island, and it is said not one prisoner was killed or wounded. However, there were claims that Federal guards did shoot some of the Rebel officers.

The shelling went on for 45 days until the Confederates moved their Union prisoners to Columbia, S.C., because of a yellow fever epidemic. The Union response to that was increased shelling of Charleston without moving the Rebel prisoners.

But as Gen. Sherman and his Union troops neared Charleston, Foster was ordered to silence the artillery. This prompted him to seek an exchange of prisoners, but they were ordered to Fort Pulaski outside Savannah instead.

The winter of 1865 turned out to be severe, and the conditions at Pulaski were said to be poor. Thirteen of the Confederate officers died there. After the war, prisoners wrote of lack of food and clothing, dysentery, scurvy and dehydration.

Survivors finally were transferred to Virginia. Some were exchanged, but nearly 300 were returned to Fort Delaware to wait until they were healthier. Some historians believe the Federals didn't want to be embarrassed by the Confederate officers' condition because they had complained about treatment of Union prisoners at Andersonville.

The last of the "Immortal 600" won their release in July 1865. The South honored them as heroes because they refused to take an Oath of Allegiance until the war ended. Those who survived began calling themselves "The Immortal Six Hundred," and that name was perpetuated in a book by the same name by John O. Murray. Murray wrote about his experiences as one of the 600 in 1905.

While David Terrell Harris is buried in Gainesville, there apparently was little fanfare locally about his funeral. Neither the Gainesville Eagle nor Gainesville News mentioned him at the time of his death.

His tombsone reads:

David Terrell Harris

March 23, 1840-June 10, 1912

Second Lieutenant Co. E 21st Georgia Regiment

One of the 'Immortal Six Hundred'

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.

His wife, Talitha Ann, buried in the same plot, was born July 27, 1844, and died March 29, 1930.

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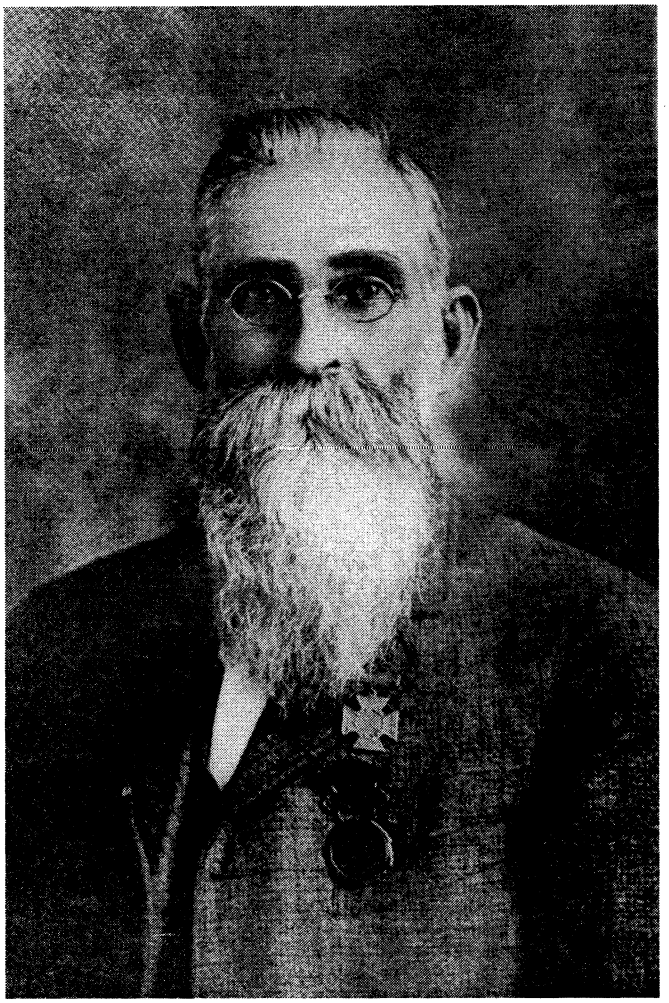
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William Epps

William is wearing his medal commemorating the Immortal Six Hundred.

The top is inscribed: 1861-65 survivor of Immortal 600.

Middle: Confederate Prisoners of War

Bottom: 1864-65
42 days under fire on Morris Island, SC
65 days on rotted corn meal and pickle rations Hilton Head SC
unable to read last lines

William Epps

Immortal Captive

Lieutenant William Epps served in Company D, 4th South Carolina Regiment. He was taken prisoner at Trevillian Station (Louisa C.H.) 11 June 1864. While being held prisoner at Fort Delaware, he was chosen as one of six hundred Confederate officers to be sent to South Carolina. The officers initially believed they were to be part of a prisoner exchange. In reality, they were to be held under fire of guns from their own forces. Historians have since estimated this act to be one of the most severe acts of retaliation inflicted on prisoners by the United States Army. Despite the severity of their deprivations, relatively few men suffered death. Eventually they were returned to Fort Delaware. These men came to be known as "The Immortal Six Hundred." William kept a Retaliation War Prison Diary while these "Immortal Six Hundred" were undergoing the furies of retaliation. Here are some entries made therein as furnished to William Boddie by Mr. Edwin C. Epps, son of William Epps. Mr. Boddie published "The History of Williamsburg" in 1925.

Fort Delaware, August, 1864.
1st Today has been very interestingly spent - prayer meeting and Christian Association in the morning and preaching in the evening.
2nd Nothing of interest passed today - attended meetings as usual.
3rd Excitement among the Yanks today - some of the Rebs tried to make their escape last night - one poor fellow was, they say, drowned in the attempt. I hope the others were more successful. Just read an interesting book, title, "May I Believe?"
4th Low in spirits today - thinking of Dixie far, far away.
5th Attended divine services as usual - felt that I was living at too great distance from God.
6th Just read an interesting little book, "Mary Searching for Jesus."
7th and 8th Nothing of interest to the mind except pleasant hours spent in religious exercises. Just finished reading "Poor Henry."
9th and 10th The weather is so warm is it very uncomfortable in prison. Yesterday I was astonished when I looked out of the window and saw fifteen privates (Rebel prisoners) drawing a heavy two-horse plough in rough land, driven by the Yanks. Read an interesting little book, "Only Believe."
11th In high spirits about being exchanged soon - it is rumored that six hundred officers leave here in a few days for Charleston, South Carolina.
20th Six Hundred leave today for Hilton Head.
24th This morning about three o'clock ran aground just off Cape Romain Light House - about six hours before we could move. During the delay, we planned to capture the vessel, but gunboat came up and our victory was crushed.

September 1864
7th Today we landed on Morris Island and are now situated in tents between Batteries Wagner and Gregg with negroes to guard us.
9th The Yanks are firing furiously at our Batteries. Fort Moultrie replied, dropping shells in beautiful style in and around Wagner and Gregg, except two that exploded over our prison, three pieces of which fell among our tents and caused a very unpleasant feeling among the Rebs. Fortunately, none of us were hurt.
20th Since the 9th, nothing of very great importance has occurred except our rations have been very short and generally unfit for even a dog to live upon. They consist of, for breakfast, two hard crackers and about an ounce of salt pork; dinner, half pint bean soup, two crackers, and sometimes meat; supper, one cracker and about one ounce of meat. Upon an average I think we get about five crackers, and two and one-half ounces of meat per day.

28th A change in the rations - now it is four and one-half crackers, one-half pint of bean soup, and about two ounces of meat per day. Sometimes, a half pint rice. Received a letter from home today.

October 1864
5th I have not witnessed a more pleasant feeling among the men since I have been a prisoner. A large amount of nourishment from the citizens of Charleston has just arrived and never were provisions more joyfully received. Every man has a smile on his face.
16th Sunday - batteries on Sullivan's Island apparently practicing at our pen or something nearby, for several fragments of shell have just fallen among the tents.
30th Captain E.S. Hall and Captain H.S. Lewis have been taken out of prison for a special exchange. A change in our rations since we left Morris Island - we get per day about nine crackers, a pint of rice or bean soup, and about two ounces of meat.

November 1864
1st Another change in rations - nearly a pound of rice, loaf bread, about four ounces of meat, a pint of good vegetable soup, and as much salt and sugar as we need.
4th and 5th A large supply of tobacco and ten gallons of syrup received for general distribution among us, besides a great many private boxes. Nothing seems to revive prisoners more than such acts of kindness by our friends at home.
19th Moved from Fort Pulaski on board the steamer Canonicus and sailed northward. We anchored off Hilton Head about seven p.m.
20th At four p.m., disembarked from the Canonicus and marched about one-half mile near Skull Creek, where we are now quartered. Our tents are in an open field - three men to each tent. We are limited to about an acre of land and guarded by the One Hundred Forty-Fourth New York Volunteer Infantry - so far a very clever set of men. They issued coffee, sugar, and bread for supper and breakfast.
24th Since the 20th, our rations have been short and issued raw, viz.: crackers (cooked), beans, and salt pork, sometimes grist or rice. Very little wood is furnished and that green, such as maple, sweetgum, and short leaf pine - oak occasionally. The weather being cold and scarcely wood enough for cooking purposes, we have suffered very much from cold.

December 1864
1st Rations issued raw again and green pine wood to cook with. Unfortunately, the Yankees have succeeded in recapturing the other three officers who escaped the guard a few nights ago.
6th Received a letter and box of provisions from home. Many wounded Yanks have arrived here from Foster's expeditions.
16th Rations of meat stopped - nothing issued to us but bread and not enough of that for two meals each day. We are not allowed to buy anything whatever, neither are we allowed to receive money, clothing, provisions, or anything whatever, that would add to our comfort. My watch was returned a few days ago that was taken from me at Point Lookout, Maryland, but minus the key, guard, and twenty dollars that was taken at the same time.
20th Corn meal and pickles instead of molasses - camp kettles to cook in. The Yanks say they are retaliating on us for some of their officers who were treated badly at Columbia, South Carolina. Some of them who made their escape from Columbia arrived here a few days ago. Some of them said they were very roughly treated while others of the same party said they were well treated.
25th Christmas dinner composed of dry bread, but fortunately we got some molasses and gravy from our friends that made us a good meal. We get nothing but corn meal, pickles and once in four days, one pound wheat bread.
31st Weather very rainy and cold - many of us are suffering wonderfully from cold and hunger. It is astonishing that any government will treat prisoners of war as we are treated.

January 1865
1st Unwell and suffering cold and hunger - ten days rations of corn meal and pickles issued. We have not had any meat since December 16. Dogs, rats, and cats dare not show themselves in our prison - several cats have been killed and eaten among us lately.
10th Corn meal and pickles issued again.
17th My birthday - twenty-two years of age. We are still suffering from cold and hunger. My feet have been frost bitten and pain me considerably. A great many others of my fellow prisoners are suffering in a worse condition. No fire is allowed us at night, and, during the day, only enough to cook our small rations.
20th Meal and pickles issued and a little flour instead of bread.
27th Our rations increased by four ounces of salt beef and four ounces of Irish potatoes per day, in addition to the meal and pickles, but still kept under retaliation.

February 1865
1st Rations of pickles stopped - the others continued, except beef - pork instead.
15th All are in very high spirits. Official news arrived today that we are all to be exchanged as soon as practicable. Oh! What a happy thought it is to feel that we are soon to be released from this unhappy prison life.
18th The Confederate money returned that was taken from us when we were first captured.
19th A salute of one hundred guns fired by the fleet off this harbor and thirty-eight fired from a land battery over the fall of Charleston, South Carolina.
20th Full rations issued - sixteen ounces of bread stuff, half flour and half corn meal, ten ounces of meat, pork, and bacon, per day, and also some beans and soup.
28th Provost Marshall inquired of each prisoner whether or not he wants to be exchanged or take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

March 1865
1st Ten days rations issued.
3rd Very busy preparing our rations for a voyage - the rumor is that we leave tomorrow for Fortress Monroe.
8th A steamer said to be loaded with Confederate prisoners passed up the James River to be exchanged. Oh, that our turn would come!
11th Sadly disappointed - instead of being exchanged, we sail north for Fort Delaware.
19th Since our arrival here it is said eight of our party have died and many others are suffering with the same disease, scurvy. Small pox has also made its appearance.
24th Take sick with pneumonia.
25th Went to the hospital and was kindly treated by the surgeon.

April 1865
2nd Salute of one hundred guns fired over the fall of Richmond.
10th Bad news - reported that General R. E. Lee has surrendered himself and army to General Grant. At twelve o'clock, a salute of two hundred guns fired over the news.
11th Received a suit of clothing and a check for $10.00 from Miss S.E. Wells, 94 West Eleventh St., New York City, N.Y.
15th News arrived that President Lincoln was shot last night and died this morning at seven o'clock; also that Secretary Seward was assasinated and, it is thought, mortally wounded.
16th All flags flying at half mast and a canon fired every half hour in honor of the deceased President. Twenty Confederate officers brought in (prisoners).
26th, 27th, 28th Oath of Allegiance to the United States offered us on condition that all who take it are to be speedily released. Of two thousand, about half have consented to take it. Three Confederate officers brought in from Johnson Island. The prison is very much crowded and we are all in a demoralized state of mind caused by the sad news of our late misfortunes. It is rumored that General Joseph E. Johnston, Confederate States Army, has surrendered to General U.S. Grant, United Stated Army.
30th The above rumor confirmed, a great many are making application to take the oath, feeling that our cause is entirely hopeless, that being the only chance of deliverance.

May 1865
2nd Oath again presented to those who refused a few days ago. All consent to take it except one hundred ten who still feel it their duty to remain in prison for the sake of our beloved country, the Confederacy. After neglecting my dear mother and family four years and suffering the hardships of a soldier's life and twelve months and seven days of prison life for what I thought was a just cause, but thinking all hope of success is gone now, I consent to submit to the will of a victorious people, to return home with a sad heart and a conquered spirit, subject to the mercy of a powerful enemy.
16th It has been rumored here that President Davis and his staff have been captured.
22nd For several days past we have been laboring under some excitement about our President. Though the papers have mentioned it each day for several days, saying that he was captured in women's clothing, not until this morning could we realize that fact that he had been captured. General Wheeler and staff, also Colonel Lubbock, of President Davis' staff, arrived here this morning, who gave us the particulars of his capture. Colonel Lubbock says he was captured with the President and that it is all false about them being captured in women's clothing. We are waiting in suspense for our release.
26th Received $20.00 from Miss S. E. Wells through Lieutenant L.C. Nowell, to whom I feel under many obligations.

June 1865
11th This day twelve months ago I was made a prisoner of war. I am now waiting anxiously to be released from prison.
19th At seven a.m., released from prison feeling once more at liberty. At seven-thirty p.m., leave Philadelphia by rail for New York, arriving there at eight-thirty.
20th I am stopping at the Libby House, 54-56-58 Warren Street, New York, M. Martin, Proprietor.
22nd Miss Wells furnished me $10.00 through L. C. Nowell.
23rd Called on Miss Wells and found her a very kind lady. She again sends me $12.50 - truly she is a friend indeed.
25th At eleven-thirty a.m., on board the steamship Arago, which sails at twelve o'clock for Hilton Head, S.C. I have spent a very pleasant week in New York.
26th Beautiful weather and we are sailing quietly but slowly southward.
27th Arrived at Hilton Head, S.C., after a pleasant voyage.

July 1865
1st At eleven o'clock a.m., on board the Kingfisher to sail to Charleston, S.C. Arrived at Charleston wharf at two o'clock p.m.
2nd Take the cars for Kingstree at three-thirty p.m. At four-thirty, arrived at home, found mother and family all well, once more a happy man.
End of quote from William's diary.

The following is taken from the book "Immortal Captives: The Story of 600 Confederate Officers and the United States Prisoner of War Policy" by Mauriel Joslyn. The citation for the quote is Charleston, S.C. News and Courier, January 19th, 1930.

In 1930, at age eighty-seven, Lieutenant Epps was interviewed by a newspaper reported from Charleston, S.C. He was asked to tell his story of the part he played as a Confederate soldier. The interviewer inquired how Epps felt about his citizenship and patriotism, sixty-five years after being imprisoned as one of the Six Hundred:

"I am not untrue to my country. Every drop of my blood is pure American, and today, if America needed me, I should gladly give the few remaining years of my life to her service. The American flag is my flag. My fore-fathers followed it to the end of their lives. My hear still thrills to see its beautiful folds unfurl, but with that thrill comes an unspeakable sadness; for it was the Stars and Stripes that floated over Morris Island, Pulaski, and Fort Delaware".

William Epps was the last member of the Immortal Six Hundred to die.

THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED



MURRAY

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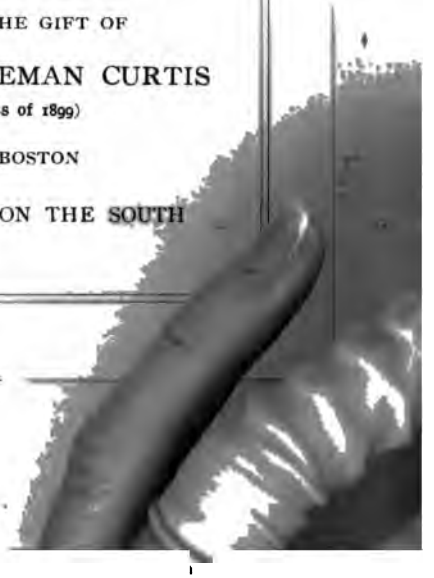
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THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED

A STORY OF CRUELTY TO CONFEDERATE PRISONERS OF WAR

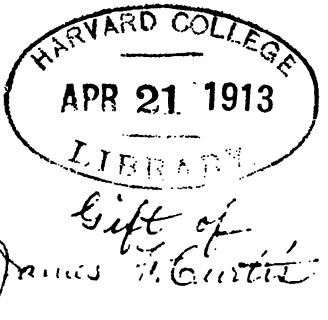
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ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED

WINCHESTER, VA.
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DEDICATION

To the dead and living comrades of the Immortal Six Hundred,—Confederate officers, prisoners of war,— who were confined in the stockade on Morris Island, South Carolina, under fire of our own guns shelling that island; and who were subsequently starved on rations of rotten corn meal and onion pickle at Fort Pulaski, Georgia, and Hilton Head, South Carolina, 1864–65, by order of Edwin M. Stanton, United States Secretary of War — to all who remained true unto the end, under the terrible ordeal of fire and starvation, this history is affectionately inscribed with a comrade's love.

J. OGDEN MURRAY.

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CHAPTER ONE.

History of the incidents leading up to the retaliation measures inflicted upon the six hundred Confederate officers, prisoners of war, with correspondence official between Gen. J. G. Foster, U. S. A., Department of the South, and Gen. Sam Jones, C. S. A., commanding Charleston, S. C. Violation of cartel, etc., etc.

THERE is no apology to be made by me for the publication of this work or history of the six hundred Confederate prisoners of war confined on Morris Island by order of the Federal government. It is put in print for two reasons: First, to preserve the record of this gallant band; second, to give to the world a true history of the wanton cruelty inflicted upon helpless prisoners of war, without the least shadow of excuse. The only information that the United States government had that there were six hundred Union soldiers, prisoners of war, under fire in Charleston, S. C., was based upon the word of runaway

niggers, Confederate deserters, Union scallawags, and such people, whose word should not have been taken by any decent man without corroboration; yet Gen. J. G. Foster, U. S. A., commanding Department of the South, headquarters, Hilton Head, S. C., accepted the word of these creatures without question, and inflicted upon helpless prisoners of war cruelties that would have shamed Nero.

There never were any Union prisoners of war under fire of their own guns in any part of the South; there were never any prisoners of war treated with harshness or cruelty by order of the Confederate government authorities; but on the contrary all was done to lessen the burden of prison life that could be done by the Richmond government, and men of the highest rank in the United States Army attest this fact. The cruelty charged against the South is as false as the tongues that utter it, and it has been proven false time and time again. Even Andersonville, that much maligned prison,

has been proven to have been a very paradise in comparison to Camp Chase, Rock Island, Elmira, and other Yankee prisons.

The treatment meted to the six hundred Confederate officers, prisoners of war, confined on Morris Island, S. C., by the United States Secretary of War, is a blot upon the escutcheon of the United States that can never be blotted out nor removed. It was cowardly, it was inhuman, and cruel. The names of the men responsible for this cruelty must be written—and they will be written—upon history's blacklists of cruel men. Stanton, Foster, and Halleck, are names that must always cast a shadow upon the days of 1861-65.

There can be no excuse given for cruelty. There is no justification for it under the laws of God or man, and it has never been proven, yet, that the Confederate authorities treated or allowed to be treated harshly or unkindly Union prisoners of war. The stories told of cruelties to Union soldiers in Confeder-

ate prisoners where the offsprings of the brains of perjured men, some of them never in a Confederate prison, nor never south beyond Washington city. The word of an ignorant nigger or a Confederate deserter was given credence by the Washington authorities, when the testimony of, and letters of, such men as Generals Wessells, Scammon, and other honorable officers of the United States army, who were prisoners of war, was ignored. The records show most conclusively there were never any Union prisoners of war under fire in Charleston city or at any other point in the Confederacy; and, further, there never was any premeditated and planned cruelty perpetrated upon Union prisoners of war in Southern prisons like that inflicted upon Confederate prisoners of war in Northern military prisons. There were men, no doubt, both in the North and South, who took delight in treating prisoners of war cruelly. Such men were both moral and physical cowards, and acted upon their

own responsibility; but I do say the authorities at Washington city did plan, order, and execute wantonly, cruelties upon Confederate prisoners of war that can not be justified under any pretext; and I claim that no proof can be produced that the Confederate government did at any time countenance the slightest cruelty to its prisoners of war. The same rations given to the Confederate soldier in the field were issued to the Yankee prisoners of war in Confederate prisons. The greatest cruelty inflicted upon the Union prisoners of war in the South was inflicted by Edwin M. Stanton, United States Secretary of War, and Gen. U. S. Grant, when they refused to exchange prisoners of war. The records show that General Grant, by order of Stanton, stopped exchange and inflicted whatever hardships upon their own men they did suffer by this suspension of exchange; and it is a matter of recorded proof that both President Davis and Gen. Robert E. Lee, to alleviate the suffering of the prisoners of

war in Southern prisons, offered, if the United States government would send transports, to turn over all prisoners held by the Confederate authorities, in humanity's name.

Here are two extracts from Union witnesses to prove on which side cruelty shall be charged, and I do not hesitate to say these witnesses do most effectively offset Libby or Andersonville if the stories of the prisons be true.

On February 9, 1862, Judge Ould, Confederate States Commissioner of Exchange, wrote Colonel Ludlow, United States Exchange Commissioner:

> "I see from your own papers that some dozen of our men, captured at Arkansas Pass, were allowed to freeze to death in one night at Camp Douglas. I appeal to our common instincts against such atrocious inhumanity." (War Records, p. 257.)

There is no denial of this charge to be found in the War Records. On May 10, 1863, Dr. William H. Van Buren, of New York, on behalf of the United States

" Sanitary Commission," reported to the Secretary of War at Washington the condition of the hospitals of the prisoners of war at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, and Gratiot Street prison, St. Louis. In this report he incorporates the statements of Drs. Hun and Cogswell, of Albany, N. Y., who had been employed by the " Sanitary Commission " to inspect hospitals. And Dr. Van Buren commends these gentlemen as men of high character and eminent fitness for the work to which they had been assigned. It is from the statement of these northern gentlemen that I quote. They caption their report from Albany, April 5, 1863, and say, among other, things as follows:

" In our experience, we have never witnessed so painful a spectacle as that presented by these wretched inmates; without change of clothing, covered with vermin, they lie in cots, without mattresses, or with mattresses furnished by private charity, without sheets or bedding of any kind, except blankets, often in rags; in wards reeking with filth and foul air. The stench is most offensive. We care-

fully avoid all exaggeration of statement, but we give some facts which speak for themselves. From January 27, 1863, when the prisoners (in number about 3,800) arrived at Camp Douglas, to February 18th, the day of our visit, 385 patients have been admitted to the hospitals, of whom 130 have died. This mortality of 33 per cent. does not express the whole truth, for of the 148 patients then remaining in the hospital a large number must have since died. Besides this, 130 prisoners have died in barracks, not having been able to gain admission even to the miserable accommodations of the hospital, and at the time of our visit 150 persons were sick in barracks waiting for room in hospital. Thus it will be seen that 260 out of the 3,800 prisoners had died in twenty-one days, a rate of mortality which, if continued, would secure their total extermination in about 320 days."

Then they go on to describe the conditions at St. Louis, showing them to be worse than at Chicago, and after stating that the conditions of these prisons are "discreditable to a Christian people," they add:

"It surely is not the intention of our



CAPTAIN J. L. HEMPSTEAD
5th Virginia



government to place these prisoners in a position which will secure their extermination by pestilence in less than a year."

See also Report of United States Surgeon A. M. Clarke, Vol. VI, Series 71, p. 371, p. 113.

Now let me ask this question: Why did not the representatives of this same "Sanitary Commission," when they were publishing their slanderous report of September, 1864, as to the way Union prisoners were treated in Southern prisons, which report they illustrated with skeletons alleged to have come from Libby, Andersonville, and other prisons in the South, make at least mention of the condition of the things found by them in Camp Douglas and Gratiot Street prison hospitals?

One word on violation of the exchange cartel: On May 13, 1863, Judge Ould wrote Colonel Ludlow, calling his attention to the "large number of Confederate officers captured long since and still held by the United States," threat-

ened retaliation if the unjust and harsh course then pursued by the Federals towards our officers was persevered in, and concluded as follows:

"Nothing is now left as to those whom our protests have failed to release but to resort to retaliation. The Confederate government is anxious to avoid a resort to that harsh measure. In its name I make a final appeal for that justice to our imprisoned officers and men which your own agreements have declared to be their due." (War Records, p. 607.)

Again on May 14, 1863, Judge Ould wrote, naming several of Mosby's men who had been carried to the Old Capitol prison. He then said:

"They are retained under the allegation that they are bushwhackers and guerillas. Mosby's command is in the Confederate service, in every sense of the term. He is regularly commissioned, and his force is as strictly Confederate as any in our army. Why is this done? This day I have cleaned every prison in my control as far as I know. If there is any detention anywhere, let me know and I

will rectify it. I am compelled to complain of this thing in almost every communication. You will not deem me passionate when I assure you it will not be endured any longer. If these men are not delivered, a stern retaliation will be made immediately." (Id., p. 632.)

This being the condition of things, on May 25, 1863, the following order was issued by the Federals:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
May 25, 1863.

GENERAL SCHOFIELD:

No Confederate officer will be paroled or exchanged till further orders. They will be kept in close confinement, and be strongly guarded. Those already paroled will be confined.

H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief.

Why was the cartel suspended? Surely not by request of the Confederate authorities. Who was responsible for this inhuman work that inflicted so much suffering upon the Union prisoners of war in the hands of the South that could not care for them nor feed them?

The question is asked in all honesty because this suspension of the cartel by the United States government was the cause of the suffering of the Union prisoners of war in the South.

Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and Gen. H. W. Halleck are responsible for the suffering of Union prisoners of war in the South, and not President Davis nor the Confederate government. Mr. Charles A. Dana, the Assistant Federal Secretary of War, in an editorial in his paper, the New York "Sun," said in commenting on a letter President Davis wrote to Mr. James Lyons in reply to some strictures Mr. Blaine had made upon the question of prisoners of war:

"This letter shows clearly, we think, that the Confederate authorities, and especially Mr. Davis, ought not to be held responsible for the terrible privations, sufferings and injuries which our men had to endure while they were kept in Confederate military prisons. The fact is unquestionable, that while the Confederates desired to exchange prisoners, to send our men home, and to get back

their own, General Grant steadily and strenuously resisted such an exchange. * * *

"'It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons,' said Grant, in an official communication, 'not to exchange them; but it is humane to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. If we commence a system of exchanges which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught they are no more than dead men.' * * *

"This evidence [says Dana] must be taken as conclusive. It proves that it was not the Confederate authorities who insisted on keeping our prisoners in distress, want, and disease, *but the commander of our own armies.* * * * Moreover [says he] there is no evidence whatever, that it was practicable for the Confederate authorities to feed our prisoners any better than they were fed, or to give them any better care and attention than they received. The food was insufficient, the care and attention were insufficient, no doubt, and yet the condition of our prisoners was not worse than that of the Confederate soldiers in the field, except in so far as the condition of those in prison must of necessity be worse than that of men who are free and active outside."

This is the statement of the Federal Assistant Secretary of War during the war, and he knew whereof he wrote. He was the man who ordered General Miles to put shackles on President Davis, and, as a fact, did hate Mr. Davis and all things Southern. Yet he did tell the truth, and is most conclusive, and puts the blame for the hardships of the Union soldiers in Southern prisons where it belongs, and clearly points out the guilty party.

When we add to this the pregnant fact that the report of the Federal Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, dated July 19, 1866, shows that of the Federal prisoners of war confined in the military prisons of the South, only 22,576 died, whilst of Confederate prisoners of war confined in Northern prisons, 26,436 died; the report of the Federal Surgeon-general Barnes, published after the war, showing that the whole number of Federal prisoners captured and held in the South during the war was 270,000, while the whole

number of Confederate prisoners confined in Northern prisons was 220,000 (from this report we see that while the South held 50,000 more prisoners of war than the North, the deaths in the South were four thousand less. The rate of deaths in Southern prisons was eight in each 100 men. The rate in the Northern prisons of Confederates was twelve in each 100.), I think it is useless to go further into discussion of this matter, but leave our case to the bar of impartial history.

I hesitated before going into this history of the Immortal Six Hundred, but frequent requests of comrades of the six hundred who were true unto the end of the ordeal induced me to undertake the task and do the best I could in compliance with their request. I can only tell the story from a personal experience.

There were many incidents that took place that did not come under my observation, and not being able at this late date to obtain them, much must go untold. I shall tell the story without malice

or bitterness against those men responsible for our bad treatment. I have no bitterness against the men who wore the blue. The story is part of the unwritten history of the Confederate States; it is the story of the men who could surrender life, but not principle to save their lives. These men were the men who made the fame of the Confederate soldier, and gave the world an example of courage equal to that of Sparta or Rome.

There shall be no exaggeration of facts. God knows the facts are ghastly enough without adding to them. I do not blame all men who wore the blue for our bad treatment. While prisoners of war we came in contact with some brave, honorable men, who appreciated our helpless condition; and they often showed us their humanity while in their custody. The bombproof fellows who were cruel to prisoners can have no part in the meetings of the brave men of to-day, who come together clasping hands over the bloody past — forgetting its bitterness.

"The man who hates knows no law but selfishness. They hate the precepts of the Master. They ignore His command, 'love thy neighbor'."

There is no part of the conflict of 1861-65 that has been so imperfectly told, and no subject of more importance than the history of the military prisons North and South. The story must be truthfully told by the historian. If it is not truthfully told it can not and should not have place in history. Nothing is history if it is not absolutely correct. If future generations are to sit as judges of the past we must give them data of absolute truth upon which they can base a verdict. If we in the least deviate from this line judgment must be against us.

In telling the story of the Six Hundred Immortals,— the Confederate officers, prisoners of war,— who were taken from Fort Delaware prison in August, 1864, by order of Edwin M. Stanton, Federal Secretary of War, and confined in a stockade on Morris Island, S. C., un-

der fire of the Confederate batteries shelling that point, we will tell it truthfully, without the least exaggeration, that those who read may make honest judgment and render fair verdict. It's not intended that this work shall be a general history of military prisons. It is only a history of the Six Hundred Immortals that will refute, so far as it can, the repeated and almost constant charge made by the pulpit and press of the North that the Confederate authorities were cruel and inhuman to their prisoners of war. These charges of cruelty made by the North are worthy the attention of the South's historians; and now that the passions of the war have, to a great degree, cooled, the facts can be presented and the responsibility fixed, so that when the Confederate soldier of the war of 1861-65 has passed over the picket line of life into the unknown land, and the honest verdict of history is rendered, our good names and records as soldiers will not be blackened by the blot of cruelty, nor our peerless leaders be painted by the

tongue of slander with cruelty to prisoners of war.

I will corroborate my story of the Immortal Six Hundred by the official records, so far as the United States government has printed the record under the supervision of the War Department.

As stated before this history is of the Six Hundred Immortals only. What led up to this cruel retaliation upon the six hundred prisoners of war by the United States government is not very clear. From the official records we can only glean the fact that much stock was taken in the word and stories told by deserters, runaway niggers, and scallawags generally, without the least attempt by the United States officials to verify the truth of their statements. Below is the official correspondence.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT SOUTH CAROLINA,
GEORGIA, AND FLORIDA.
Charleston, S. C., June 13, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. JOHN G. FOSTER,
Commanding U. S. Forces, Coast of South Carolina.

General:

Five general officers and forty-five field officers of the United States Army, all of them prisoners of war, have been sent to this city for safe keeping. They have been turned over to Brigadier-General Ripley, commanding First Military District of this department, who will see that they are provided with commodious quarters in a part of the city occupied by non-combatants, the majority of whom are women and children. It is proper, however, that I should inform you that it is part of the city which has been for many months exposed day and night to the fire of your guns.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

SAM JONES,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

(War Records, Vol. xxxv, Part 2, p. 132.)

In this letter Gen. Sam Jones says most clearly where the Union prisoners of war are quartered in Charleston city: "In that section of the city where the

non-combatants — women and children — are housed." On June 16, 1864, Maj.-Gen. J. G. Foster replied to General Jones's letter as follows:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
Hilton Head, S. C., June 16, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. SAMUEL JONES,
Commanding Confederate Forces, Department South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

General:

I have to acknowledge the receipt this day of your communication of the 13th instant, informing me that five generals and forty-five field officers of the United States Army — prisoners of war — have been sent to Charleston for safe keeping; that they have been turned over by you to Brigadier-General Ripley with instructions to see that they are provided with quarters in a part of the city occupied by non-combatants, the majority of which latter, you state, are women and children. You add that you deem it proper to inform me that it is a part of the city which has been for many months exposed to the fire of our guns.

Many months since Major-General Gillmore, U. S. A., notified General Beaureguard, then commanding at Charleston, that the city

would be bombarded. This notice was given that non-combatants might be removed and thus women and children be spared from harm. General Beaureguard, in a communication to General Gillmore, dated August 22, 1863, informed him that the non-combatant population of Charleston would be removed with all possible celerity. That women and children have been since retained by you in a part of the city which has been for many months exposed to fire is a matter decided by your own sense of humanity. I must, however, protest against your action in thus placing defenseless prisoners of war in a position exposed to constant bombardment. It is an indefensible act of cruelty, and can be designed only to prevent the continuance of our fire upon Charleston. That city is a depot of military supplies. It contains not merely arsenals but also foundries and factories for the manufacture of munitions of war. In its shipyards several ironclads have already been completed, while others are still upon the stocks in course of construction. Its wharves and banks of the rivers on both sides of the city are lined with batteries. To destroy these means of continuing the war is, therefore, our object of duty. You seek to defeat this effort, not by means known to honorable warfare, but by

placing unarmed and helpless prisoners under our fire.

I have forwarded your communication to the President, with the request that he will place in my custody an equal number of prisoners of like grades, to be kept by me in positions exposed to the fire of your guns so long as you continue the course stated in your communication.

I have the honor to be
Very respectfully your obedient servant,

J. G. FOSTER,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

(War Records, Vol. xxxv, Part 2, pp. 134-135.)

General Foster, after reply to Gen. Sam Jones's letter, sent to Washington the following letter by hand of his aide-de-camp, Maj. E. W. Strong, which was wired from Fortress Monroe to Washington, D. C.:

FORTRESS MONROE, VA.,
11.30 p. m., June 19, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. H. W. HALLECK,
Washington, D. C.

I am directed by Major-General Foster to forward to you the following dispatch.

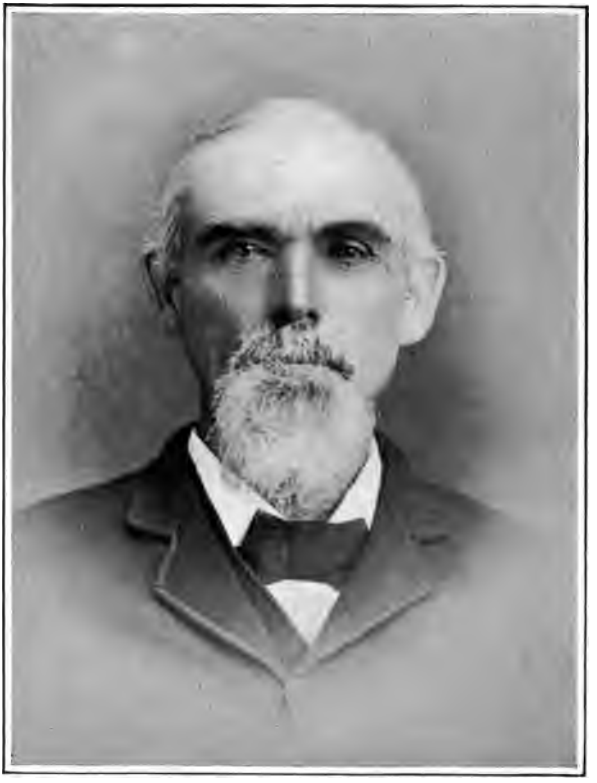
HEADQUARTERS SOUTH CAROLINA,
via Fortress Monroe, Va.

MAJ.-GEN. HALLECK,
Washington, D. C.

I have the honor to report that I have to-day received from Maj.-Gen. Sam Jones, commanding the Rebel forces in the department, a letter stating that five general officers and forty-five field officers of the United States Army — prisoners of war — had been placed in Charleston city, to be retained there under fire. Against this wicked act I have protested. In meantime the fire on the city is continued. I respectfully ask that an equal number of Rebel officers of equal rank may be sent to me in order that I may place them under the enemy's fire as long as our officers are exposed in Charleston. I send Maj. E. W. Strong, in steamer "Mary A. Boardman," to Fortress Monroe to await your answer and, if my request is granted, to bring the prisoners. Copies of my correspondence will be mailed to you as soon as Major Strong arrives at Fortress Monroe.

J. G. FOSTER,
Major-General.

E. N. STRONG,
Major, and aide-de-camp.



LIEUTENANT JOHN F. LYTTON
5th Virginia

General Foster did not state all the facts in his telegram to Washington city, nor did he think proper to await the due course of mail, but wired General Halleck a garbled and false statement of the facts in the case. (See War Records, Vol. XXXV, Part 2, p. 141.)

On June 27, 1864, the following letter was sent by General Halleck to General Foster, which shows clearly how anxious these worthies were to begin their cruelty upon helpless human beings — prisoners of war.

Washington, D. C., June 27, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. J. G. FOSTER,

Department of the South.

General:

Your letter of 16th instant, transmitting the correspondence between yourself and the commanding general of the Rebel forces at Charleston in regard to confining our officers —prisoners of war—in part of that city exposed to the fire of our batteries is just received. The Secretary of War has directed an equal number of Rebel generals and field officers to be sent to you, by Major Strong, *to be treated*

in precisely the same manner as the enemy treats ours; that is, to be placed in a position where they will be most exposed to the fire of the Rebels. In whatever position they may be placed, whether in field or in batteries or vessels, you will take every proper precaution to prevent *their escape or recapture,* putting them in irons if necessary for that purpose. The Secretary of War directs on that point you will exercise great vigilance, and that the *Rebel officers will be treated with same severity that they treat ours.*

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

H. W. HALLECK,

Maj.-Gen., Chief of Staff.

(War Records, Vol. XXXV, Part 2, p. 143.)

Had Gen. J. G. Foster, U. S. A., communicated by flag of truce, which he could have done, with his officers, the prisoners of war, in Charleston, he would have been saved the humiliation of having his letter and its statements refuted over the signatures, in a joint letter, of his own prisoners of war confined in Charleston city. They say in their letter they are not under fire, in no danger whatever, and are

treated humanely, courteously by the Confederate authorities from the major-general down to the sentinels on guard.

On June 23, 1864, Major Strong was sent the following order by Colonel Hoffman, Commissary of Prisoners of War, U. S. A.:

OFFICE OF THE COMMISSARY OF PRISONERS,
Washington, D. C., June 23, 1864.

MAJ. E. N. STRONG, A. D. C.,
Washington, D. C.

Major:

The Rebel prisoners of war, officers whom you are to receive to conduct to Major-General Foster at Hilton Head, S. C., are at Fort Delaware, and Brigadier-General Schoepf, the commanding officer at that post, has been instructed to deliver them to you. You will therefore proceed without delay, in the steamer provided for the purpose by the Quartermaster-General's Department, to Fort Delaware, and having received the generals and field officers referred to, you will return to Hilton Head, and deliver them to Major-General Foster, commanding Department of the South. The guard detailed to accompany you from Fort Delaware is expected to return

from Hilton Head with as little delay as possible.

W. HOFFMAN,
Colonel 3d Infantry,
Commissary-General Prisoners.

After receipt of this order Major Strong went to Fort Delaware and the following Confederate officers were turned over to him to be, and were, taken to Hilton Head:

Maj.-Gen. Edward Johnson, C. S. A.
Maj.-Gen. Franklin Gardner, C. S. A.
Brig.-Gen. J. J. Archer, C. S. A.
Brig.-Gen. George H. Steuart, C. S. A.
Brig.-Gen. M. Jeff. Thompson, C. S. A.
Col. R. Welby Carter, 1st Va. Cav.[1]
Col. N. Cobb, 44th Inft.
Col. Basil W. Duke, Kentucky.
Col. M. J. Ferguson, 16th Va.
Col. J. M. Hanks, Kentucky.
Col. Richard C. Morgan, Kentucky.
Col. James A. Pell, Kentucky.
Col. W. H. Peebles, Georgia.
Col. A. S. Vandeventer, 50th Va.
Col. W. W. Ward, Tennessee.
Col. William M. Barbour, N. C.

[1]For some reason, Colonel Carter did not go.

Col. John N. Brown, S. C.
Col. J. A. Jaquess, C. S. A.
Col. B. E. Caudill, Kentucky.
Col. W. H. Forney, Alabama.
Lieut.-Col. James F. Brewer, Tennessee.
Lieut.-Col. F. H. Daugherty, Tennessee.
Lieut.-Col. P. E. Devant, Georgia.
Lieut.-Col. J. P. Fitzgerald, 23d Va.
Lieut.-Col. C. L. Haynes, 27th Va.
Lieut.-Col. O. A. Patton, Kentucky.
Lieut.-Col. William M. Parsley, N C.
Lieut.-Col. A. L. Swingley, Tennessee.
Lieut.-Col. Joseph Tucker, Tennessee.
Lieut.-Col. D. H. L. Martz, 10th Va.
Lieut.-Col. A. Dupree, C. S. A.
Lieut.-Col. Thomas C. Jackson, C. S. A.
Lieut.-Col. M. J. Smith, C. S. A.
Maj. D. W. Anderson, 44th Va.
Lieut.-Col. J. W. Caldwell, Kentucky.
Lieut.-Col. J. T. Carson, Georgia.
Lieut.-Col. W. T. Ennett, N. C.
Lieut.-Col. J. E. Groce, Mississippi.
Lieut.-Col. H. A. Highley C. S. A.
Lieut.-Col. E. M. Henry, C. S. A.
Lieut.-Col. E. A. Nash, Georgia.
Lieut.-Col. L. J. Perkins, 50th Va.
Lieut.-Col. George H. Smith, Tennessee.
Lieut.-Col. E. J. Sanders, Mississippi.
Lieut.-Col. T. Steele, Kentucky.

Lieut.-Col. Thomas B. Webber, Kentucky
Lieut.-Col. J. M. Wilson, Louisiana.
Lieut.-Col. W. H. Manning, Louisiana.
Lieut.-Col. T. E. Upshaw, 13th Va.
Lieut.-Col. F. F. Warley, S. C.
Lieut.-Col. W. L. Davidson, N. C.

These officers left Fort Delaware in June, 1864, in charge of Major Strong, U. S. A., and in due course were delivered to Major-General Foster, commanding United States forces at Hilton Head, S. C. After the arrival of these prisoners correspondence took place between Maj.-Gen. J. G. Foster, U. S. A., and Gen. Sam Jones, C. S. A., commanding Confederate forces, Charleston, S. C., which will be found in Vol. XXXV, War Records.

It was General Foster's intention to place these Confederate officers — prisoners of war — under fire on Morris Island. But he found, upon investigation and from correspondence, that his hasty action upon General Jones's letter had gotten him a very large elephant on his hands,

which he could not control; and he also had the testimony in letters from the Union prisoners of war confined in Charleston city, that they were not under fire at all, and all Foster had to bolster up his infamous scheme and slander was the testimony of the runaway niggers and Confederate deserters. Here is the letter of protest against Foster's action:

Charleston, S. C., July 1, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. J. G. FOSTER,
Commanding Department South,
Hilton Head, S. C.

General:

The journals of this morning inform us, for the first time, that five general officers of the Confederate service have arrived at Hilton Head, with a view to their being subjected to the same treatment that we are receiving here. We think it just to ask for these officers every kindness and courtesy that you can extend to them in acknowledgement of the fact that we, at this time, are as pleasantly and comfortably situated as is possible for prisoners of war, receiving from the Confederate authorities every privilege that we

could desire or expect, nor are we unnecessarily exposed to fire.

Respectfully, General, your obedient servants,

H. W. WESSELLS,
T. SEYMOUR,
E. P. SCAMMON,
C. A. HECKMAN,
ALEXANDER SHALER,
Brig.-Gens. U. S. Vols.
Prisoners of War.

(War Records, Vol. XXXV, p. 163.)

Charleston, S. C., July 1, 1864.

BRIG.-GEN. L. THOMAS,
Adjt.-Gen. U. S. A., Washington, D. C.
(Through Maj.-Gen. J. G. Foster, commanding Department of the South, Hilton Head, S. C.)

General:

We desire respectfully to represent through you to our authorities our firm belief that a prompt exchange of prisoners of war in the hands of the Southern Confederacy (if exchanges are to be made) is called for by every consideration of humanity. There are many thousands confined at southern points of the Confederacy in a climate to which they are unaccustomed, deprived of much of the food, clothing, and shelter they have habitually

received, and it is not surprising that from these and other causes that need not be enumerated here much suffering, sickness, and death should ensue. In this matter the statements of our own officers are confirmed by the Southern journals. And while we cheerfully submit to any policy that may be decided upon by our government, we would urge that the great evils that must result from any delay that is not desired should be obviated by the designation of some point in this vicinity at which exchange might be made, a course, we are induced to believe, that would be acceded to by the Confederate authorities.

And we are, General, very respectfully your obedient servants,

H. W. WESSELLS,
T. SEYMOUR,
E. P. SCAMMON,
C. A. HECKMAN,
ALEXANDER SHALER,
Brig.-Gens. U. S. Vols.,
Prisoners of War.

(War Records, Vol. XXXV, p. 162.)

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA, AND FLORIDA.
Charleston, S. C., July 1, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. J. G. FOSTER,
Commanding Department of South
Hilton Head.

General:

I send with this a letter addressed by five general officers of the United States Army, now prisoners of war in this city, to Brig.-Gen. L. Thomas, Adjutant-General United States Army, recommending and asking an exchange of prisoners of war. I fully concur in opinion with the officers who have signed the letter that there should be an exchange of prisoners of war and, although I am not instructed by my government to enter into negotiations for that purpose, I have no doubt it is willing and desirous now, as it has ever been, to exchange prisoners of war with your government on just and honorable plans. Our difficulty in the way of carrying out the cartel of exchange agreed upon between the two governments would not exist, that I am aware of, if the exchange was conducted between you and myself. If, therefore, you think proper to communicate on the subject with your government I will, without delay, communicate with mine, and it may be that we can enter

into an agreement, subject to approval of our respective governments, by which the prisoners of war now languishing in confinement may be released. I should be glad to aid in so humane work, and, to the end that there may be no unnecessary delay on my part, I have directed an officer of my staff, Maj. John F. Lay, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector-General, charged with the delivery of this, to wait a reasonable time in vicinity of Port Royal Ferry for your answer. He is fully informed of my views on this subject, and, if you desire it, will confer with you or any officer you may designate.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

SAM JONES,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

(War Records, Vol. XXXV, pp. 161-162.)

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
July 4, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. SAMUEL JONES,
Commanding Confederate Forces, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida,
Charleston, S. C.

I have received your letter of the 1st inst. covering a letter from the five general officers of the United States Army now prisoners of war in Charleston to Brig.-Gen. L.

Thomas, Adjutant-General United States Army.

I fully reciprocate your desire for an exchange of prisoners of war, but before any steps can be taken to effect it it will be necessary for you to withdraw from exposure to our fire these officers now confined in Charleston. I have not yet placed your prisoners in a similar position of exposure.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

J. G. FOSTER,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

(War Records, Vol. XXXV, p. 164.)

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
July 4, 1864.

BRIG.-GENS. T. SEYMOUR, H. W. WESSELLS, C. A. HECKMAN, E. P. SCAMMON, AND ALEXANDER SHALER.

My Dear Friends:

I have received your letter of 1st inst. and will observe your wishes in the treatment of the prisoners now placed in my hands. We all regret very much the circumstances of your being placed under our fire in Charleston, and every one feels justly indignant at this barbarous treatment of prisoners of war. I will endeavor to have your wants supplied so far as possible, and have requested the Sanitary Commission to forward what articles they

have on hand suited to your necessities. I believe your exchange might be effected rank for rank provided, as a first step, General Jones should relieve you from your position of exposure to fire.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

J. G. FOSTER,

Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

(War Records, Vol. xxxv, p. 164.)

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA, AND FLORIDA.

Charleston, S. C., July 13, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. J. G. FOSTER,

Commanding United States Forces,

Hilton Head, S. C.

General:

Your letter of 4th date in reply to mine of 1st inst. has been received. I am pleased to know that you reciprocate my desire for an exchange of prisoners, but regret that you should require as a condition precedent to any negotiations for this end that I should remove from their present location the United States prisoners of war now in this city. Such a course on my part would be implied admission that those officers are unduly exposed and treated with unnecessary rigor, which they themselves assure you in their letter of 1st inst. is not the case. I regard the exchange of

prisoners as demanded alike by rules of civilized warfare and the dictates of common humanity; and to require a change of location which you have every reason to know the prisoners do not themselves desire is to throw an unnecessary obstacle in the way of accomplishing this end, and thus retain prisoners of war in irksome confinement. The change I most prefer would be to send them to your headquarters and this may be done, unless defeated by obstacles interposed by yourself or your government.

I was notified of your request to send a staff officer to meet one of yours at Port Royal at 2 p. m. to-day, too late to comply therewith. I have, however, directed the officer of your staff to be informed that I would send an officer to meet him at 4 p. m. to-morrow and have accordingly directed Maj. J. F. Lay, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector-General, to take charge of this letter and deliver it at Port Royal Ferry.

I repeat that he is fully advised of my views, and, should you desire it, will confer with you or any officer of your staff whom you may designate.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

SAM JONES, Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

(War Records, Vol. xxxv, pp. 174-175.)

All this correspondence was forwarded by General Foster to Washington, and receipt thereof acknowledged by General Halleck.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA, AND FLORIDA,
Charleston, S. C., July 13, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. J. G. FOSTER,
Commanding United States Forces,
Hilton Head, S. C.

General:

I have received your letter of the 1st inst. Mine of the 13th and 22d ult. indicate, with all necessary precision, the location of the United States officers who are prisoners of war in this city. I can not well be more minute without pointing out the very houses in which they are confined, and for reasons very easily understood I am sure that this will not be expected. If statements in my letter of the 22d ult. are insufficient the letter of the five general officers, dated 1st inst., in which they assure you they "are as pleasantly and comfortably situated as is possible for prisoners of war, receiving from the Confederate authorities every privilege that we (they) could desire or expect, nor are we (they) unnecessarily exposed to fire" gives

you all the information in regard to their treatment that you can reasonably desire. In conclusion let me add that I presume from copy of your confidential order of 29th ult. that you were commanding in person the troops operating against the city, and, as you had particularly requested me to communicate with you only by way of Port Royal Ferry, I felt bound to delay my reply until I was assured it would promptly reach you by route you were pleased to indicate.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

SAM JONES,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

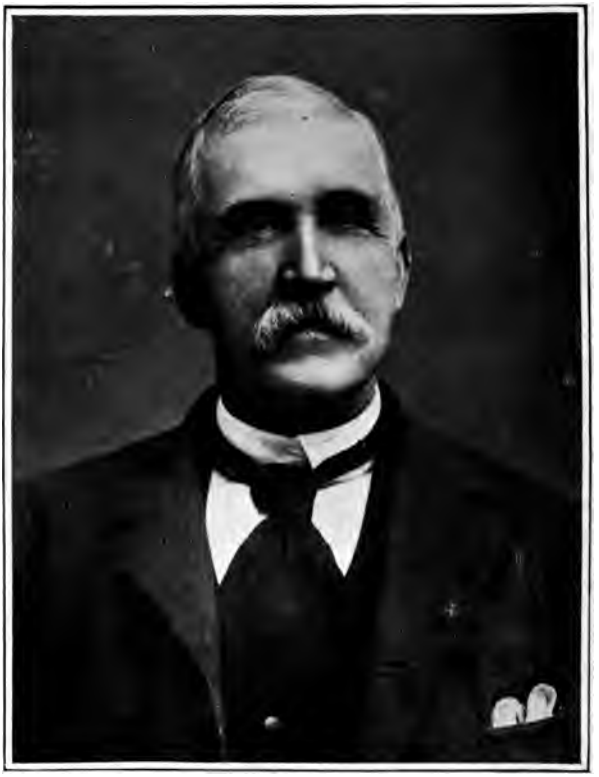
After this correspondence came the following letter, an exchange was made of these officers, and they were not placed under fire.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT SOUTH,
Hilton Head, S. C., July 29, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. SAM JONES,
Commanding Confederate Forces,
South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

General:

I have the honor to inform you that the Secretary of War has authorized me to exchange any prisoners of war in my hands



CAPTAIN BRUCE GIBSON
6th Virginia Cavalry

rank for rank or their equivalent, such exchange being a special one. In accordance with the above I send Major Anderson to make arrangements as to time and place for exchange.

I have the honor to be very respectfully your obedient servant,

J. G. FOSTER,
Major-General.

General Foster sent the following note to the Union generals — prisoners of war — in Charleston city:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT SOUTH,
Hilton Head, S. C., July 29, 1864.

GENERAL WESSELS, ETC., ETC.

My Dear General:—I have just received authority to exchange the prisoners in my hands rank for rank or their equivalent, according to cartel. I send aide-de-camp to make arrangements for exchange.

Yours truly,

J. G. FOSTER.

(War Records, Vol. xxxv, Part 2, p. 199.)

On August 4, 1864, subsequent to the exchange of the general and field officers, General Foster wrote to General Halleck, chief of staff, U. S. A., Washington,

D. C., that he (Foster) had obtained information from Rebel deserters and runaway niggers, and escaped Union prisoners of war, that the Confederate authorities were anxious for exchange of prisoners of war, and that he (General Foster) could manage the matter and arrange to have the exchange take place in Charleston Harbor. He also tells Halleck, in this letter, that there are six hundred Union officers — prisoners of war — brought from Macon, Ga., to Charleston to induce the United States authorities to make exchange of prisoners of war; but he (Foster) will notify Gen. Sam Jones at Charleston, that no more exchange of prisoners will be made in Charleston Harbor. Both Gen. J. G. Foster and Secretary of War Stanton knew that Federal prisoners of war were dying at the rate of seventy per day because the Confederate authorities can not furnish them proper medicine. Yet the United States government will not exchange nor relieve their own prisoners. Here is proof positive —

official admission — by the highest officials of the United States that they will not exchange prisoners of war, although the Confederate government is willing to make exchange, or give up all the sick and wounded Federal prisoners in their hands if the United States will send transports and take them away.

General Grant said it was much cheaper to feed Rebel prisoners than fight them, and the Washington authorities acted upon the suggestion and broke off the exchange of prisoners of war. Mr. Stanton believed it was cheaper to starve Rebel prisoners of war than put guns in their hands. There was nothing in the way to prevent the exchange of prisoners of war except the inhumanity of Edwin M. Stanton, Federal Secretary of War. He did not care for the Union prisoners of war. He hated the Confederate prisoners with a deadly hate. (See War Records, Vol. xxxv, p. 213.)

After this correspondence came the call, by Gen. J. G. Foster, for six hundred

Confederate officers — prisoners of war— to be tortured on Morris Island, S. C., under fire of their own guns, and be starved upon rotten corn meal and pickle at Hilton Head, S. C., and at Fort Pulaski, Ga., by order of the United States government. It can not be proven that the Confederate authorities at any time placed Federal prisoners of war under fire or treated them inhumanely; nor can General Foster's friends nor Edwin M. Stanton's friends give the least excuse for the brutality of those men. Why the exchange of prisoners was stopped is given in plain terms over Gen. U. S. Grant's signature:

City Point, Va., August 27, 1864, 5 p. m.
SECRETARY OF WAR,
Washington:

Please inform Maj.-Gen. J. G. Foster that in no circumstances will he be allowed to make exchange of prisoners of war. Exchanges simply re-enforce the enemy at once, whilst we do not get the benefit of those received for two or three months and lose the majority entirely. I telegraph this from just

hearing 500 or 600 more prisoners had been sent to Major-General Foster.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

(War Records, Vol. xxxv, p. 254.)

Comment upon this dispatch is unnecessary. General Grant preferred to feed Rebels to fighting them, even if his own men must suffer in Confederate prisons where there was not food to give them. Gen. J. G. Foster, on June 27, 1864, wrote this letter to General Halleck, which shows he had no proofs that Union prisoners of war were under fire in Charleston city:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
Hilton Head, S. C., June 27, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. H. W. HALLECK,
Chief of Staff, Armies United States,
Washington, D. C.

General:

I have received your letter of the 21st and will endeavor to carry out your instructions and those of the Secretary of War to the very letter. I shall first endeavor to ascertain from Gen. Samuel Jones the degree of

exposure, the kind and amount of rations, the general comforts, as beds, blankets, etc., etc., which are given to our prisoners, and then give the same to the Rebel prisoners. Every precaution will be taken to prevent escape or recapture.

I have the honor to be very respectfully
Your obedient servant,
J. G. FOSTER,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

(War Records, Vol. xxxv, p. 150.)

On July 21st General Foster received reply from his own prisoners in Charleston, telling exactly how kind they were treated. (See General Scammon, *et al*, letter.)

CHAPTER TWO.

Fort Delaware. Rumors of exchange. Order to get ready for exchange. Saying good-bye. Packing us on steamship "Crescent City."

FORT DELAWARE is built upon Pea Patch Island, in the Delaware River, midway of the stream between the New Jersey and Delaware shores. The structure is of brick, strong and durable. In the years 1861-65 the United States government utilized this Fort and Island as a military prison for the confinement of its prisoners of war. On the grounds of the island were built large wooden barracks separated into compartments, one of which was occupied by the Confederate officers — prisoners of war — the other by the enlisted men of the Confederacy who were held as prisoners. In the officers' side of this huge barracks, in the month of August, 1864, there were confined about 1,500 Confederate officers, captured in different battles

in the South. This prison was fairly well conducted as to quarters, but most miserably as to rations. There were two large mess halls in which the prisoners were fed twice each day. The ration for breakfast was a chunk of bread cut wedge shape, a small portion of molasses as black as it was bitter, with a tin cup of very black coffee without sugar. The dinner menu card was a tin of soup (so called), a small piece of fat meat or beef, with slice of bread. For supper, wind. General Schoepf, U. S. V., commandant of the post, was a German, in his way a very good sort of an old fellow who no doubt did all he dare do, if report is correct, to alleviate the condition of Confederate prisoners of war. But he had about him some very mean, low men and prison officials. It was the general report amongst the prisoners of war that General Schoepf's wife was a Virginia lady who was in sympathy with her State and people. For this reason the General was not given a command in the field, but as-

signed to command of Fort Delaware prison that he might be kept under surveillance from Washington city. Report also said Capt. A. A. Ahl, his A. A. General, was forced upon him as a spy, and was not at all agreeable to the General. Ahl was the monitor placed over him by Secretary of War Stanton. If this report be true or false I do not know; but this I do know, that Captain Ahl did most intensely hate Confederate prisoners of war, and it is susceptible of proof that all the drastic orders issued for the government of Fort Delaware military prison were the conceptions and work of this fellow Ahl, and their enforcement compelled by his diction and domination over General Schoepf. While Fort Delaware prison was a hell upon earth for both officers and men,—Confederate prisoners of war — it is said by prisoners of war confined in other Northern prisons to be the best of the lot. This fact can not be denied: where large numbers of men are confined and huddled together in a

small space, deprived of liberty of roaming about, poorly fed, and unprotected from the elements, there must be necessarily much suffering and always much complaint, even if those in authority and control are disposed to be humane in their treatment of those in their custody.

The assistant provost-marshal in charge of the officers' prison at Fort Delaware was a dutchman, Lieutenant Woolf, a graduate from the slums of Philadelphia city, a coarse, brutal creature, with all the mean, cowardly, and cruel instincts of the beast from which his name was taken; a fellow without culture, refinement, or gentility, who took much delight in insulting the Confederate officers that the misfortunes of war had made prisoners. It might be charity to place this fellow's meanness to the credit of his profound ignorance and slum breeding. His assistants were as miserable fellows as himself. Aided by these assistants and some miserable scoundrels — Confederate soldiers who

deserted and took the oath of allegiance to the United States government — this fellow Woolf made the prison of the Confederate enlisted men a veritable torture-house. After taps were sounded I would often, with the aid of Lieut. Bob Bowie and Capt. Tom Roche, my bunk-mates, steal into the enlisted men's camp next to ours, separated by a high board fence, and hear from the men the story of the atrocious treatment this fellow Woolf, Hackout, and the other scoundrels would inflict upon the helpless sick and poor Confederate prisoners of war, who could not make complaint, for the reason their complaints never got further than Captain Ahl, who never brought the matter to General Schoepf's attention.

Through that incomprehensible means that can not be defined nor explained, and is only known to prisoners of war, we, confined in the officers' camp of the prison, became possessed of the knowledge that there was to be an exchange of prisoners of war. We seldom

saw a paper; they were not allowed us. If a letter was written a prisoner that contained the least particle of information about the outside world save that which pertained strictly to family affairs it never reached the prisoner to whom it was written. Yet news would get into our camp, and we called such news "grape." One day in August, 1864, news spread over the camp that the fifty general and field officers that had been sent in June to Charleston Harbor, S. C., had been exchanged, and that a general exchange of prisoners of war, which had been stopped, would now be resumed, and very soon we would all be back in Dixie. The Yankee sergeant who called the prison roll confirmed this "grape," but gave no time as to when the exchange would begin or where it would take place. After this confirmation by the Yankee sergeant the only topic of conversation amongst the prisoners was exchange. The man who did not believe this "grape" of exchange was looked upon by his fellow-

prisoners as a man to be watched — a skeptic beyond reformation. After days of exchange talk, and the impossibility to clinch or give body to the rumor, interest died and we all resumed the quiet of our prison life. But a day or two of rest and there came another "grape." A sergeant of the guard told one of our officers that a new cartel of exchange had been agreed upon and would surely take place just as soon as the status of nigger troops could be arranged. A few days after this another "grape" was received, which said the question of exchanging nigger troops was laid aside by both the Confederate and Federal governments, and now exchange was sure. All this was taken as gospel truth by the prisoners in our camp, but it all proved to be moonshine. But to revive all the "grape" of the past and add new fuel to the exchange fire excitement, on the 17th day of August, 1864, the Irish sergeant, Murphy, who called the prison roll, informed us before we broke ranks, after roll call, that

there would be an exchange of prisoners in a few days. The rolls were being made out and in a few days the first batch would be sent South. To disbelieve this was the rankest treason; so we all accepted the story, yet we looked upon it as "grape." But about 3 o'clock p. m., of August 17th, confirmation of the story came, when an officer from the fort and Sergeant Murphy came into the pen and ordered the prisoners to fall into line and answer to their names, as they would be called, for exchange.

We soon fell into line, the roll call began and went on, while the prisoners stood in death-like silence awaiting the call of their names, each man showing on his face the hope of his heart; each asking God, in silent, earnest prayer, that his name would be called. I have looked into the faces of men in line before a battle, when defeat seemed inevitable; I have seen the joy of victory take the place of doubt; but never in all my life did I witness joy so perfect as in the face of the

man whose name was called, nor woe so abject as on the face of the men whose names were passed over. My agitation and suspense was just as great as that of my comrades, and I did silently, away down in the depths of my heart, beg God for deliverance from Fort Delaware prison. When the M's were called on the roll I could hardly contain myself; when my name was called I could have shouted for joy; and I really felt sorry that all my comrades were not included in the list, as we thought, for exchange. And yet the sequel proved that those whose names were upon the list were the unfortunates, and not those whose names had been passed over. Not dreaming of the terrible fate in store for us and the terrible ordeal we would be subjected to, we laid down that night upon our hard board bunks and dreamed sweet dreams of home and the welcome awaiting us from loved ones and comrades in Dixie.

Early on the morning of August 18th the whole camp was up and astir,

impatient for the word to move. We were going home to Dixie, and I do believe each man had in his heart a resolve that he would never forget Fort Delaware and its cruelty. We whose names had been called for exchange were in a state of anxiety all day, awaiting the order to forward. The sun went down and our hope went with it. No order to move had come; we were still prisoners of war in terrible Fort Delaware prison. Speculation was rife. "Grape" after "grape," story after story came to us, running riot with our disappointment. Each story was given credence until finally, in the chaos, we came to the conclusion that exchange was but a dream, and the Yankees had perpetrated a cruel joke upon us and no exchange was to be made. Despair drove hope from our hearts and sleep from our eyes, and suspense held us in her ruthless grasp until the morning of August 20th, when the sergeant who called the prison roll came in to perform his duty and announced the order that the men whose



LIEUTENANT P. B. AKERS
11th Virginia



names had been called for exchange should pack up their belongings and be ready to leave the prison pen on a moment's notice. This brought back hope and drove from our hearts despair; yet doubt still held on, and the high board fence about the prison pen shut us in from liberty and the world without. At 3 o'clock p. m., August 20th, the order came "Fall into line all you men whose names shall be called and be ready for exchange." The roll-call was made, five hundred and fifty sound, healthy men, and fifty wounded men fell into line and marched by fours out through the prison gate — not for exchange, as we fondly hoped, but to torture as brutal and wanton, as cowardly as was ever inflicted upon helpless prisoners of war by the most barbarous nations of savage man. While we stood in line in the prison yard awaiting the order to move there were some most pathetic as well as ridiculous scenes enacted between comrades who had stood in line of battle together, were captured

together, and now one was going home, the other to remain a captive. We were saying good-bye, telling those we left behind to be of good heart, that it would be but a few days before they would join us in Dixie. We of that six hundred can now look back and laugh at the promises then made, some of them of the most impossible character. I recall one promise made in which we were all in accord. That was, just as soon as we put foot in Richmond we were all to go in a body to President Davis and Congress and demand that our comrades in Fort Delaware should be sent for at once. The fact that it would require the consent of the United States government to carry out this promise never entered our head. Some of the partings between mess-mates and friends, on that August day in the long ago, come back to me most vividly as I write. There were men who had stood together in the line of death, comrades in the army, companions in prison, but now to be separated, perchance forever. I re-

member now Capt. George W. Kurtz, Company K, 5th Va. Inf., Stonewall Brigade, one of the best and bravest men of that famous old command, coming down the line. As he reached me he said, "Ogden," and the great big tears began to run down his cheeks, "when you get back to the Valley I want you to get Harry Gilmore and a lot of the old brigade; get all you can, go down the Valley, capture Sheridan and hold him until you get me out of this place. If I stay here I will surely die." Of course I promised to comply with his request, and we sealed the compact with a kiss. It strikes me now that Lieutenants Bob Bowie and Pete Akers both promised to join me in the matter. Poor Bowie has passed over the river; Kurtz and Akers are left with myself. During this scene my eyes were not dry nor was my heart joyous in leaving behind me in prison grand old comrades I had learned to love. Poor dear old Pete Akers said to one of his Lynchburg comrades, "You just wait until I get home.

Blamed if I don't go out and catch old Grant and half of his army and hold them until you all get out of this place. Poor dear old Pete, his great heart was always in touch with those in trouble. The Morgan men, the Forrest men, and Wheeler men all made their comrades most extravagant promises. But our dreams of exchange were never to be realized. It was the hope hidden by anticipation that was to make our disappointment acute. Finally the Yankee officer in charge gave the order to march. We passed out through the prison gate to begin a siege of torture. We marched down to the fort wharf and were packed on board of the small gulf steamship "Crescent City" like cattle are packed in railroad cars. The hold of the ship was fitted up with rough pine bunks to hold eight men — four below, four above,— there was very little ventilation, and in this cramped apartment six hundred human beings — prisoners of war — were shipped to Gen. J. G. Foster, U. S. A., Hilton Head, S. C., to be in-

humanly and brutally treated. Our condition one can imagine; it can not be described. Six hundred prisoners of war, three hundred guards, the boat's crew — all on board of a small gulf steamer built to accommodate not more than half our number. After the last prisoner was packed below decks the steamer pulled out into the channel of the Delaware River on the Jersey side. Here we laid until midnight tide, when we steamed away for Fortress Monroe, fully convinced that we were to be exchanged, landed in Dixie to meet our loved ones and comrades. Believing this, we suffered the discomforts of the prison-ship without murmur. The hold — or hole — of the "Crescent City," in which we were packed, was below the ship's water line, imperfectly ventilated, poorly lighted, and vile in odor of tar and grease. Our guard,— 110th Home Guards of Ohio, hundred-day men who had never seen any field service,— were perfectly devoid of feeling, especially so for Confederate soldiers, and

made our condition much worse than those English soldiers in the Black Hole of Calcutta. The guards were quartered upon the upper deck of the ship; one sentinel was stationed on deck at the hatchway and one below at foot of the ladder leading on deck, and under no circumstances would these sentinels allow more than two or three prisoners on deck at one time to catch a breath of fresh air.

After a run of one day our ship came to anchor under the guns of Fortress Monroe and the ships of the fleet guarding that point. Here we laid at anchor some fifteen or more hours, suffering all the tortures of heat and seasickness; no rations, and the worst drinking water possible given us, and the stench from the hole we were confined in became almost stifling. Our men had been made seasick by motion of the boat, which made our quarters filthy. Beg as we might, we were not allowed to go on deck. After the long wait Captain Webster, who had charge of the guard and prisoners, came

on board and informed us that the point of exchange, owing to the movements of Grant's and Lee's armies, had been changed from City Point, Va., to Charleston Harbor, S. C. Disappointment was visible on all faces. Here we were, in sight of the promised land, but not allowed to enter. Indigo was a bright color contrasted with our feelings and looks, yet we consoled ourselves with the hope and the fact that the delay would be but for a day or two longer, when we would be at home. Then, in our joy, we would forget the vile treatment given us on the Yankee prison-ship. All the men of our party save two or three had been made seasick on the run down from Fort Delaware, which, as I said before, made our close quarters below decks a veritable cesspool. We appealed to Captain Webster, in charge of the guard, but he gave no heed to our protest, and we were compelled to stand it as best we could. On the evening of August 22d the ship pulled up anchor and steamed out of Fortress

Monroe Harbor, bound for Charleston Harbor, S. C., under escort of two United States gunboats. This looked strange, yet little attention was paid to it by our men. In fact, in rounding Cape Henry, all our men were seasick, and we did not take much heed if there was one or a hundred gunboats guarding us. The heat of the ship's boilers, the heat of the weather, and the seasickness made our condition a veritable orthodox hell, a regular sheol in miniature form. Notwithstanding all this torture, our men suffered in silence, and there was no complaining. We believed we were going back home, and we would not let the Yankees see that we suffered.

Late in the night I had pushed my way through the darkness to the step-ladder that led up to the deck above, awaiting my turn to go on deck. In the dark some one spoke to me, and I recognized the voice of Col. Abe Fulkerson, 63d Tenn. Inf. I said, " Colonel, we have fallen into hard lines, but it will

soon be over." "Yes," he said, "Murray, it will be over when they kill us, not before." Stepping back out of hearing of the sentinel, the Colonel said, "Murray, do you honestly believe we are to be exchanged?" "Why, most assuredly," I replied. "Why not? And when we get back to the army we will not forget this inhuman treatment." "Well, that's all right; but, Murray," said Fulkerson, "when you and I get back to Dixie the war will be done. If the Yankees intended to exchange us they would have paroled us at Fort Delaware and not sent this heavy guard with us. And now we have an additional guard in the gunboats. I tell you," he continued, "there is trouble ahead for us. Of what character I can not say, but bear in mind what I say to you: there will be no exchange of this six hundred men. I feel certain of what I say. Now, again," he said, "why are those two officers who took the oath at Fort Delaware on this boat? Why is it they are entertained in the

cabin by the Yankee officers while we are kept below in this miserable hole? I tell you those fellows are birds of ill omen. These galvanized rascals mean trouble for some one."

This conversation with Fulkerson certainly put a damper on my hope, and the more I thought of the conversation the more depressed I became, until hope had almost fled. When we separated it was coming daylight. The ship was rolling badly, and there seemed to be much commotion on the upper deck. The guard at the hatchway was doubled and no one was allowed to go on deck. The engines had stopped working. By some means I got on deck, though how I got there I never could tell, and tried to ascertain the cause of the commotion. I heard one of the ship's officers say, " We are aground, sir, off Folly Island. Where should have been the Cape Romaine Light, we are stuck fast in the sand;" which later proved to be true. The night was very dark. The route was new to the

" Crescent's " officers, and they had run too close into shore and had run the ship aground and lost our escorts, the gunboats.

This accidental grounding of the ship sent my spirits away up, and the thought came to me, " Now we can certainly get back to Dixie without the formality of exchange." While I was thinking all this over, Col. Van Manning, 3d Ark. Inf., came on deck. I hastily told him the situation. He at once said, " Murray, we must take this ship." He went below, a hasty council was held with the prisoners, and it was determined that we should take the ship. It was arranged that Colonels Manning, DeGurney, Abe Fulkerson, and Maj. W. W. Goldsborough should make the demand for the surrender of the ship. If it was declined, those below were to rush the guard at foot of the ladder, get on deck, capture the guard, and go ashore on Folly Island. It was a desperate undertaking. It would have been certain death for some of us

before we could have captured the guard; yet there was no thought of the consequences of failure, no hesitation as to who should lead. By consent, Col. Van Manning was the leader, and with him we were all ready to chance the fire of a thousand guns. Colonels Manning, Fulkerson, DeGurney, and Major Goldsborough went upon deck and demanded that Captain Webster, commanding the guard, should surrender the ship into our hands at once, otherwise we would take it. Our men below were all ready to obey the order to rush the guard. Hardly had Colonel Manning made the demand for the surrender of the ship when, to the surprise of all the committee, Captain Webster agreed to the surrender of the ship. My recollection is that he and his men were not to be put into prison, but taken to Charleston city and exchanged at once, or paroled and sent home; to which condition Colonel Manning agreed. We were to land our men on Folly Island, with assistance of the ship's lifeboats,

and from there make our way to Charleston city. While the preliminaries of the surrender were being arranged a signal gun was heard out at sea and soon the gunboats hove in sight. Under the shadow of their frowning guns hope fled and black despair settled upon our hearts. The moment the gunboats came in sight the cowardly attitude of Captain Webster changed to that of impudent defiance. He forced some of our officers to go down in the coal bunkers of the ship and help to throw overboard coal to lighten us off the sand bar. The guard drove us all below, allowing no prisoners on deck until the ship was pulled off the bar. There were two incidents which took place while our ship was aground worth recording. The first showed how deeply Webster and his guards hated everything Southern. The first mate of the " Crescent City " was an Irishman who had lived, before the war began, in New Orleans. He recognized, amongst the prisoners, several friends. Whenever the chance presented itself he

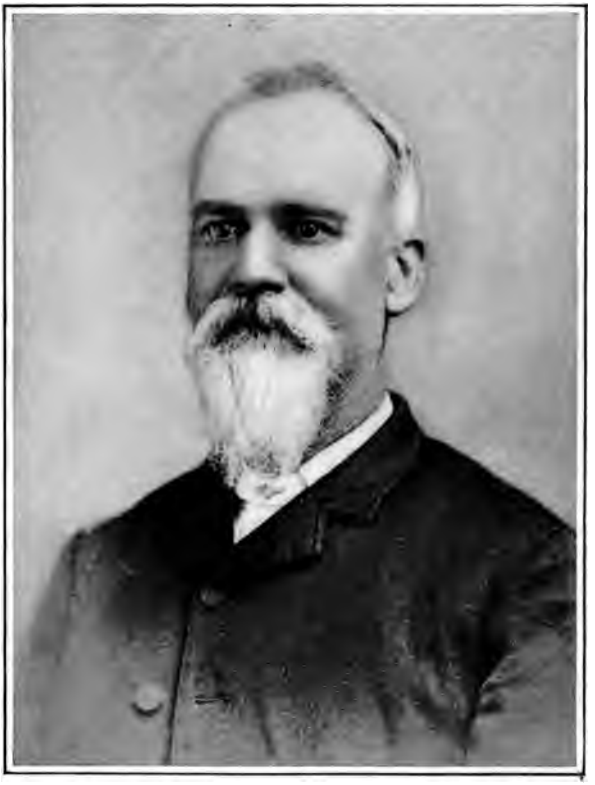
would give our men tobacco, meat, bread, in fact anything he could get from the ship's stores. The Yankees saw this and reported it to Webster, their commander, who had the poor Irishman put in irons, transferred to the gunboats for court-martial, charging the poor fellow with running the ship aground that we might escape. I have always believed and do still believe that Webster made the charge against the first mate of the "Crescent City" for the sole purpose of hiding his abject cowardice in agreeing to surrender the ship to unarmed men. We never learned what became of the mate. The other incident was the escape of Colonel Woolfolk from the ship. By some means, Colonel Woolfolk, a brave, honorable, and true Confederate officer, had permission to have a stateroom on the ship. Aboard the "Crescent City" was an old colored woman who had belonged to the Woolfolk family in South Carolina. She was the stewardess of the ship. She recognized Colonel Woolfolk, her young

master, and determined to help him to escape. She took him into her linen room, hid him under the bed, and fed him. She hung out of the stern window of the ship a sheet to make the guard believe he had dropped by that means into the water and gone ashore in the darkness. She kept him concealed on board until after the ship had landed us on Morris Island. When the ship reached New York city the old woman smuggled him ashore and gave him money. He succeeded in getting to Canada, from there to England, and back to the South on a blockade runner; and the Yankees never learned how he made his escape until he published it after the war.

After some hours of delay, with the aid of the gunboats, we got off of the sand bar and proceeded on our way to Charleston Harbor. The atmosphere below deck had now become terrible, and Webster positively refused to allow the ship's crew to put the hose on the pumps and wash the filth out of our quarters.

It was good enough for Rebels, he said. When we reached the blockading fleet off Charleston no one was allowed on deck from below. Again we were in sight of the promised land; would we enter? was the absorbing question we asked one another. The anxiety amongst the prisoners became intense. We all hoped for an exchange, yet there was a doubt.

After being kept a whole day below decks a request was made by Colonel Manning, of Captain Webster, that from fifteen to twenty of the prisoners should be allowed to go on deck at one time to get some fresh air. In his appeal to Webster, Colonel Manning said: "We are away out here in the ocean; we are surrounded by your gunboats, and no man can swim from here ashore; no man can escape; it's brutal to keep us down below in that pest hole." The only reply Webster made to this appeal was "You must stay below decks." Colonel Manning then said, "Captain Webster, if you will not allow us on deck have the hose of



LIEUTENANT D. B. MERCHANT
4th Virginia Cavalry



the ship turned on and wash the filth out of our quarters." To this Webster again said no. We could obtain no information whatever about exchange from the guard. the sink of the ship was, we found out, on the upper deck near the wheel, so we kept a constant line of men going all the time that we might know if the flag of truce boats were together in the harbor, and when they separated. On the day after and for several days after our arrival in Charleston Harbor our hearts were gladdened by the reports from the upper deck that the flag of truce boats were together. At night they would separate, and we could judge, by the conduct of the Yankees towards us, that nothing had been accomplished in exchange. On the fifth day after our arrival off Charleston one of the Yankee guards told Lieut. Bob Bowie that the exchange of prisoners had all been fixed for next day, in Charleston Harbor. We were all elated. To confirm this report our boat took up anchor and we steamed, as we thought,

towards Charleston, but at daylight found ourselves far out at sea. During the day we steamed back to our old anchorage under the guns of the blockading fleet. No one seemed able to interpret this move. Late in the evening our scouts from the upper deck reported the flag of truce boats together, just off Fort Sumter. All night the excitement amongst the prisoners ran high. At night our ship again took up anchor and steamed out to sea, and next morning, when allowed to go on deck, we found ourselves in Hilton Head Harbor. Here we remained three days, daily begging Captain Webster to turn on the ship's hose and wash the filth out of our quarters, which he persistently refused to do. In fact, we could not get him to do the least thing to alleviate our suffering, although he was fully cognizant of the filthy condition of our prison quarters below decks. After our stay of three days at Hilton Head, at the mouth of Broad River, our ship again pulled anchor and we steamed back

towards Charleston. In our close, hot quarters our suffering was the most intense. The Yankees knew it, yet they would do nothing to relieve us, but seemed to enjoy the torture they inflicted upon us. We arrived off Morris Island on the morning of September 7, 1864, and had now been eighteen days on this prison ship, suffering the tortures of the damned, and not the least effort was made by the brute who had charge of us to curtail our suffering. About 10 o'clock of this morning, September 7th, Captain Webster, who had charge of us, coolly informed us that it never had been the intention of the United States government to exchange us. That we would be placed on Morris Island under the fire of our own guns, in retaliation, he said, for the Union prisoners under fire in Charleston city, of the guns of Morris Island and fleet shelling that city. After Webster had vouchsafed us this information, most forcibly came back to me Colonel Fulkerson's prophecy that the war

would be over before we ever set foot in Dixie. On the afternoon of the 7th day of September we were landed on Morris Island. The day was hot, but we were once more in God's sunshine and out of the pest hole of the prison ship.

Two old dismantled schooner hulks, the "Jno. A. Genet" and the "Transit," were utilized as our prison, and the 54th Mass. (nigger) Regt., Col. E. N. Hallowell commanding, our guard. And now in truth began our torture. Every man seemed crushed. Not much talking was done by the prisoners, yet we all hoped that fate, in a relenting moment, would help us and drive away black despair.

After the first night on these old hulks, filled as they were with rats and vermin, that old courage that made the Confederate soldier a hero came back to us, and we determined to face the fate in store for us without flinching or whining. God had made us men; we could die like men, if need be, for the

cause of right, even if death came to us in a Yankee prison. The charge that the Confederate government had six hundred Union officers under fire in Charleston city was as false as the brain that conceived the story; as false as the tongue that uttered it; and Secretary Stanton and Gen. J. G. Foster, U. S. A., knew there were no prisoners of war under fire in Charleston city. They had the testimony of their own officers, who had been prisoners of war in Charleston city, that the story was false. Yet the testimony and word of these gentlemen was ignored by Stanton and Foster, and the word of niggers and Confederate deserters taken as gospel truth. The officers who had been prisoners of war in Charleston city: Generals H. W. Wessells, Seymour, Scammon, et al, over their own signatures, say they were not under fire, but, on the contrary, in no danger; with good quarters and plenty to eat, kindly and courteously treated. Yet they were not listened to as reliable witnesses, but ig-

nored because niggers and Confederate deserters said there were Union soldiers under fire in Charleston. General Wessells went so far in his letter to General Foster as to protest against putting officers under fire on Morris Island; yet General Foster paid no attention to the protest.

The life of a prisoner of war is at best hard and irksome; and it is extremely hard when he is restricted in all things necessary to the simplest comfort. He must suffer, he does suffer, and suffers more than tongue can describe or pen portray when his rations are curtailed to the point of barely keeping him from starvation. Time and time again the Confederate authorities protested against the inhuman treatment of our men in Northern prisons, and begged the Washington authorities, in humanity's name, to exchange prisoners of war. "Send your transports," said President Davis and General Lee, through Exchange Commissioner Ould, "and take your sick

and wounded men. We can not feed them; we can not care for them." But Secretary Stanton said "No, we will make no exchange; our men in your hands must suffer." The Union prisoners of war in all the Southern prisons were fed the same ration that was given the Confederate soldier in the field. What more could the Confederates do? General Lee, in an order, said "all wounded on the field must be treated alike; all prisoners of war must be treated humanely"; and the Confederate Congress passed a law to this effect. Mr. Stanton and General Grant both said "We can not, we will not, exchange prisoners of war. The South can not feed our men; we can not get any benefits from exchange, while the men we return to the South only help to swell Lee's army. Our men must suffer for the good of those who are now contending with the terrible Lee"; and these officials in Washington found it cheaper to starve Confederate soldiers in Northern prisons than fight them on the battle-

field. The United States had the world from which to draw their army and their supplies; the Confederacy had but a small area, without the slightest chance of getting supplies from the outside world save when a blockade runner could slip through the fleets blockading our ports. Neither the men responsible for the wanton cruelty nor their apologists can give a valid reason for the inhuman treatment meted out to us on Morris Island, Hilton Head, and Fort Pulaski.

The following two letters,— found in Vol. XXXV, War Records,— show beyond question that the United States government officials at Washington, with Gen. J. G. Foster, made preparation for the infliction of their brutality upon us, and that Col. E. N. Hallowell, 54th Regt. Mass. Vols. (niggers), was chosen as commandant of our camp because of his brutal nature — just the man to carry out the beastly orders Gen. J. G. Foster, U. S. A., might issue by authority of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
Charleston, S. C., August 23, 1864.

BRIG.-GEN. A. SCHIMMELFENNIG,
Commanding Northern District,
Department South.

General:

I am directed by the major-general commanding to state he has ordered Captain Suter, Chief Engineer Department of South, to proceed to Morris Island for purpose of consulting with you in regard to the location of the camp for the prisoners of war daily expected in this department from the North. The major-general commanding desires that this camp be placed between Fort Strong and Battery Putnam. If this position is considered too dangerous you are authorized to locate the camp wherever yourself and Captain Suter shall deem the best and safest from attack of the enemy. Should it be necessary to have more troops to guard these six hundred, another regiment can be sent from this place. Still, it is desired that they may be guarded by the force at present in the Northern District if it is possible, as we want all the troops at this place that we now have.

I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. L. M. BURGER,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

(War Records, Vol. xxxv, p. 256.)

HEADQUARTERS NORTHERN DISTRICT, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
Morris Island, September 8, 1864.

GEN. J. G. FOSTER,

General:—I have the honor to report that on yesterday the Rebel prisoners of war were safely landed and placed in the stockade in front of Fort Strong. I found on my arrival here that General Schimmelfennig had already detailed the 54th Massachusetts Regiment (negroes), Colonel Hallowell, to guard the prisoners, and as I was expected as far as possible to carry out his plans, have not changed the detail. I believe no better officer than Colonel Hallowell can be found in whose hands to place the prisoners for their safe keeping, and thus far the duty has been well performed. Last night was so dark and the weather so stormy that the navy boats did not report for duty at Paine's Dock. My boat brigade was out but saw nothing unusual. The navy detail have reported this morning and

no exertion will be spared to carry out successfully the object of the expedition.

I am very respectfully,

R. SAXTON,
Brig.-Gen. Commanding.

(War Records, Vol. xxxv, pp. 275-276.)

CHAPTER THREE.

March from old Schooner Hulk to Prison Stockade — Hot Sun — Men Sick Forced to Move On — Brutal White Officers and Nigger Soldiers. Prison Stockade — Water, Rations, and Shelter.

AFTER two days' confinement on the old schooner hulks, without much drinking water or rations, we were ordered, on the afternoon of the second day, to turn out and form in line on the beach. After forming and the counting of our number was finished the order was giving to march. We started up the beach in full view of Sumter's guns. The day was intensely hot; the sun shone down upon us in all its splendor. We had not gone over half a mile before some of our men, weakened from the eighteen days on the filthy prison ship, fell, from prostration, in the sand. I was of this unfortunate number. The brutal white officers of the 54th Massachusetts (nigger) Regiment made the negro

guards force us to get up and stagger on at the point of the bayonet in the hands of a negro soldier. When I had fallen in the sand an old man, wearing the badge of the Sanitary Commission, attempted to cross the guard line to help me. He was driven back by a burly Dutch lieutenant, with an oath, who ordered the negro guard to make me move on. I heard the old man protesting to the guard that we were human beings even if we were Rebels. When we reached the stockade prison-pen gate we were again halted, counted off by fours and sent inside the inclosure, where a negro sergeant assigned us to tents, putting four men in each small A-tent which would not comfortably hold more than two men. But what mattered this? We were prisoners of war, in the hands of a great and good government. Our camp was laid off between batteries Waggoner and Gregg: Waggoner in our rear, Gregg in our front. We were in exact line of the guns of Fort Sumter. To the left of Battery

Gregg was a mortar battery; next to this was what the Yankees called an iron battery; further to our left, facing Charleston, was a large gun the Yanks called the " Swamp Angel "; and off to the right of our camp was the fleet of monitors with their guns all trained on our stockade prison, always ready shotted should we show the least sign of disobedience to the orders governing our prison. The guns on Battery Waggoner were arranged to sweep our camp from the rear, and the guns on Battery Gregg to rake our camp from the front. All these Federal batteries constantly drew the fire of our guns on Sumter, Johnson Island, Fort Moultrie and other forts guarding Charleston Harbor. The prison stockade was built of long pine poles driven in the sand and cleated together by pine boards. About the top of the high fence was a parapet, built that the negro guards might overlook our camp. This pen enclosed about two acres of sand. On the inside of the stockade fence, about ten feet from it,

was stretched an inch rope, the rope being supported on pickets driven into the sand. This was designated the dead line. For a prisoner to approach this line, on any pretext, was sure death; the sentinels were ordered to shoot him without hesitation or challenge. The space between the dead line and fence curtailed the space in our stockade prison very much. At the head of the middle street was placed a Mitrailleuse Requa gun, loaded and ready to open upon our camp at a moment's notice. All this precaution was taken for fear we would overpower the negro guards and capture the island.

After we had been arranged in companies and assigned to tents Colonel Hallowell, commandant of the 54th Massachusetts (negro) Regiment, our guards, had read to each company of prisoners the rules for government of the stockade prison. One rule provided for the shooting of any prisoner that touched the dead line rope; another rule was, that if ten or more prisoners were assembled together

the sentinel was to order them to disperse, and if the order was not instantly obeyed by the prisoners the sentinel was instructed to fire into the crowd. This order kept us in constant fear of the ignorant nigger guard shooting us. Owing to the crowded state of our prison boundary it was an utter impossibility for us to keep from forming crowds, and the negro guards had little consideration for the "Rebs," as they termed us. One day Colonels Van Manning, Fulkerson, and myself were standing at the end of the centre street of the stockade, talking; two other prisoners joined us, making the crowd just five. The negro sentinel on the parapet, in the most insolent manner, ordered us to "'sperse dat crowd." Conscious we were not violating any rule of the prison, we paid no heed to the nigger. The second time he gave the order he bellowed out at the top of his voice: "'Sperse dat crowd, you damned Rebs; dar's ball in dis here gun, just melting to get into your body. Hear me, don't



LIEUTENANT J. W. O. FUNK
5th Virginia



you?" Of course this last warning was sufficient to " 'sperse de crowd." Another rule was, no lights or fires would be permitted in our camp at any time after taps were sounded; if a match was struck in our tents the negro sentinel was ordered to shoot into the tent where he saw the light. All the blankets given us at Fort Delaware were taken from us before we left the prison ship " Crescent City," which left fully two-thirds of our number with only the clothes they stood in for covering. The following order for government of our prison is the most drastic ever made by men authorized by a government claiming civilization:

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,
Morris Island, S. C., September 7, 1864.

The following rules and regulations are hereby announced for the government of the camp of the prisoners of war:

The prisoners will be divided into eight detachments, seventy-five in each, lettered A, B, C, etc., each prisoner numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. Each detachment will be under the charge of a warden, who will be detailed from

the guard for that duty. There will be three roll calls every day, the first at one hour after sunrise, the second at 12 m., the third at one-half an hour before sunset, at which times the prisoners will be counted by the wardens, and the reports will be taken by the officer of the day at the company streets, before the ranks are broken. Each warden will see that the quarters of his detachment are properly policed, and will make the detail necessary for such duty (from the prisoners). Sick call will be at 9 o'clock a. m. each day. Each warden will make a morning report to the officers in charge, on blanks suitable for the purpose.

There will be two barrel sinks for each detachment, which will be placed on the flanks of the camp during the day, and at night in the company streets. They will be emptied after each roll call by detail from each detachment. No talking will be allowed after evening roll call, and no prisoner will leave his tent after that time except to obey the calls of nature. During the day the prisoners will be allowed the limits of the camp as marked by the rope running between the stockade and line of tents. Prisoners passing the line under any pretence whatever will be shot by the sentries. No persons, except the

guard and officer being on duty at the camp, will be allowed to communicate with the prisoners without written permission from these, or superior headquarters. The sentries will always have their guns loaded and capped. If more than ten prisoners are seen together except at meal time they will be fired upon by the sentinels. If there is any disturbance whatever in the camp or any attempt made by the prisoners to escape, the camp will be opened upon with grape and canister musketry, and the Requa batteries. If a prisoner is sick he may purchase such luxuries as the surgeon in charge may direct. The prisoners will be allowed to purchase only the following named articles: Writing materials, pipes, tobacco, and necessary clothing. Everything bought by or sent them will be inspected by the provost-marshal. The prisoners will be allowed to write letters once each week, not more than half sheet of paper to each letter. The letters will be open and pass through the hands of the provost-marshal before being mailed. No candles or lights of any kind will be allowed. The hours for meals will be as follows: Breakfast, 7 o'clock a. m.; dinner, 12 m.; supper, 5 o'clock p. m. The prisoners will be served under the direction of the provost-marshal.

By order of Col. William Gurney, 127th N. Y. Vols., commanding post.

R. L. JEWETT,
Captain 54th Mass. Vols.,
Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

Official: G. W. LITTLE,
1st Lieutenant 127th N. Y. Vols.,
Acting aide-de-camp.

Our rations, under this order, was a menu for wooden gods. It consisted of four hardtack army crackers, often rotten and green with mold, and one ounce of fat meat, issued to us at morning roll call; for dinner, we received one-half pint of bean or rice soup, made as the caprice of the cook suggested; for supper, we were allowed all the wind we could inhale. At sundown we were compelled to go into our tents and there remain until roll call in the early morning. The ration stated was all we received while on Morris Island. Our drinking water was obtained by digging holes in the sand, and then waiting until sufficient very insipid water would ooze out of the sand to quench thirst.

The second day of our confinement in the stockade will never be forgotten by the survivors of that six hundred. At early noon the Federal batteries on Morris Island, and all the guns of the Yankee fleet, opened on the Confederate forts and Charleston city. Our batteries all replied and for two or three hours the duel lasted. The shells from Sumter and our other batteries fell thick and fast upon the island, most of them uncomfortably close to our stockade. We began to think, for a time, our fellows in Sumter had forgotten we were prisoners on Morris Island; but before the duel was over we found our gunners were not directing their shells towards our pen. It was amusing to watch the negro guards on the parapet dodge and drop when a shell from Sumter went across our stockade, or burst over the pen; it was all Hallowell and his officers could do to keep the negro sentinels at their posts, the poor niggers were so frightened. Just as soon as they heard the report of a gun from

Sumter they would drop down on the parapet in fear. Hallowell and his officers would beat them up with their swords. After this day there was only the general firing during the day, though at night our guns would be more rapidly fired, especially so our mortar guns. After we had been on the luxurious diet of four hardtack army crackers, one ounce of fat meat, and half a pint of sandy bean soup (which often tasted like it had been seasoned with soap), and with the bad drinking water, our condition was pretty bad. Our cooking was done outside of the prison stockade by negroes detailed for the purpose. What filth these chefs put into the soup we could not see or know; it was brought into us — we could eat it or let it alone. We did not expect, as prisoners of war in Yankee hands, to have all the delicacies served by a Delmonico, but we did expect enough of food to sustain life. But Draco Stanton and his lieutenants, Gen. J. G. Foster and Colonel Hallowell, had different

views of humanity. This menu of starvation, issued by the United States government, was good enough for helpless prisoners of war. Just think of this bill of fare:

Breakfast, four rotten hardtack crackers.

Dinner, one-half pint sandy soup.

Supper, all the wind one could inhale.

Our medical treatment was the acme of cruelty, rendered by a red-headed cow doctor, whose only remedy, no matter what your complaint, was an opium pill or dose of jamaica ginger. This red-headed doctor always reminded me of a country cross-road cow doctor whose knowledge of medicine was culled from a patent medicine almanac, and his practice justified the conclusion.

The colonel of the 54th Massachusetts (negro) Regiment, his officers and niggers, were regular daisies. I recall one little sawed-off lieutenant who often called the prison roll; or rather took the

report from the niggers who counted us three times each day. This little fellow had a sword about two feet longer than he was tall. The sword would get tangled up in his short legs, reminding one, as Pete Akers said, of a boy playing soldier. This fellow's dignity was huge — about on the order of a free nigger parson before " de wah," at a lodge funeral.

Colonel Hallowell, with whom we were brought more in contact than any other officer,— for the reason he had full control of our pen,— was about the meanest fellow our misfortunes brought us in connection with; in fact, the negroes he commanded were Chesterfields in politeness in contrast with this fellow. After we had been some weeks in the stockade under fire of our own guns, and the starvation rations had begun to tell upon us, this doughty colonel one afternoon came into the stockade, had us drawn up in line, and made the following speech which I have never forgotten. He said:

"The fate of war has placed you prisoners in my hands, and I will treat you as prisoners. I feel it my bounded duty to fight men who have raised their unhallowed hands against their country's flag. But I will try and treat you as men, since you have fallen into my hands, and this will be my duty so long as you obey the rules and orders laid down for the government of this prison camp."

But he did not keep his word. He treated us like animals, and he did not intend to treat us like men when he said he would do so. He violated every promise he ever made us, both in the spirit and letter; there was nothing this fellow left undone to make us uncomfortable and annoy us; he never let one opportunity pass to show his hatred for the South and her soldiers. And yet in our six hundred prisoners were the sons and grandsons of ancestors who had helped to make American history and consecrate the American flag, when probably the

ancestors of this fellow Hallowell were Massachusetts Tories, doing all they could to defeat the cause of the American Colonies, and possibly spies for the English crown. And yet the fate of war compelled us to listen to the impudence of this doughty hero — unable to resent his insults. How brave he was, backed as he was by the bayonets of his nigger soldiers. One of his smart jokes was to come into our prison pen and say, in his arrogant drawl, "Gentlemen, to-morrow I will have some barrels placed in the streets of your inclosure into which you can throw your bones. Of course, I mean your meat bones." This was cruel; it was cowardly to make such jests of our starving condition. He could see daily how the treatment was breaking down and killing our men; he reveled in our terrible condition. Most of the prisoners were suffering with acute dysentery. From this terrible complaint not one escaped; but none of our men complained; none murmured against our government.

We knew the Richmond authorities were doing all they could for us, and, like the dying Cæsar, we were too proud to let our Yankee jailors see that we suffered. It seems like blasphemy to charge the creation of such a creature as this fellow to nature, and really an insult to his satanic majesty to say he created such a caricature on the human race as was Hallowell.

As I stated before, acute dysentery, caused by the bad water we drank, and miserable rations of rotten, worm-filled hardtack crackers, put our men in very bad condition. On the night of September 28, 1864, Lieutenant Frank Peake, of Morgan's men, who was one of my tent mates, was taken very sick, with every symptom of cholera. We had nothing to relieve his pain, and did not dare go out to call for help. Had one of us left the tent or called for help, the negro guard would have fired on us and been glad of the opportunity to do so. Their orders were to shoot any man who left his tent after taps except to obey the

calls of nature. Poor dear old Peake! He suffered, all the night through, the most intense pain. At roll call I told the negro sergeant that Lieutenant Peake was ill and needed the attention of the doctor at once; but the doctor never came in until 9 o'clock, the regular hour for sick call of the prison pen. When he did come in, Lieutenant Hudgins, C. S. N., and Lieutenant Hugh Dunlap, my other tent mates, requested me to see the doctor and ask him to come at once to see Lieutenant Peake. I went to the hospital tent, as it was called, approaching the doctor in the most polite manner and with the most polite language I could command, related to him Lieutenant Peake's condition, urging him to go over to see Peake, who, I thought, was in a dying condition, and would die unless he had immediate medical attention. Before this red-headed dispenser of pills replied to my urgent appeal for help, he looked me over from head to foot, then said, "Can't the man come to my tent." "Why, of course not,

doctor; he can not stand upon his feet; he is too ill to walk. Could he have come here I surely would not be so urgent in my appeal to you." "Well," he said, "if he is too bad to walk over here, he must wait until these other fellows here are served; they all need attention." "But, doctor," I said, "these gentlemen, in a manner, can help themselves. Lieutenant Peake is helpless, and I feel sure every gentlemen here will wait if you will go to see Lieutenant Peake." With this I turned upon my heel and left the doctor's presence in disgust. I could hardly believe there was a man living, wearing the badge of a fraternity whose aim was to save, not *destroy life,* who would refuse to relieve a dying fellow mortal, a helpless prisoner of war. I returned to my tent and reported my failure to get the doctor to respond. The boys could hardly credit it. Captain W. P. Crow, an old friend and companion of Lieutenant Peake, went over to see the dispenser of opium pills, but met with no more success

than I did in inducing the doctor to see our patient. What can be said of such fellows as this doctor? Is nature responsible for their creation? Yes, but they sprang up from the foul growth of some northern city during the war; they were the poison weeds in the garden of life, killing with their poison all that is good and beautiful. Late in the afternoon the doctor came to our tent, but poor Peake had passed beyond human skill. Death, with her cruel, cold hand, was reaching out for him. He lived during the night, suffering the pains of the damned. On the morning of September 29th Captain Crow and Lieutenant Dunlap succeeded in getting Colonel Hallowell to remove Lieutenant Peake from the prison pen to the hospital, just out of range of Sumter's guns. Poor, dear Peake! We who knew him loved him for his Christian virtues, manly courage, and gentleness of heart. When he was carried through the prison pen gate we all felt we had looked for the last time upon him alive.

He lingered for a day or two and died on the afternoon of October 2, 1864, just four days after his removal from under fire. Far away from loved ones and home this grand hero closed his eyes, to open them again only when the Grand Commander of all armies shall announce the day of the great muster. There in the hospital tent on Morris Island, upon a pallet of straw, sleeping the sleep of the just, the true, and the brave, lay a Confederate soldier whose spirit had surrendered only to death. He laid down his life for the cause of the South, the land he loved. About him stood men in blue; they were enemies, they could not understand, they could not know, the great heart that had ceased to beat. In the twilight we dug him a grave in the sands of Morris Island, and laid him to rest, while the shot and the shells from Charleston and Sumter's batteries sang his funeral dirge. Peace to his ashes!

This is not the only case of heroism of the Confederate Army. The Confed-

erate Army was composed of men like Lieutenant Peake. High upon the scroll of honor and fame their names are written in letters of gold. There they will ever remain, the brightest gems in the Southland's coronet. Story and song will tell their deeds of valor and courage; generations will sing their praise; they need no monuments of metal nor stone to perpetuate their memory and names. Their fortitude, courage, and fidelity to duty during four long, bloody years of war, such as the world never knew, is a monument that will outlast any that could be constructed by human hands. When the truthful history of the war is written, and the passion of men has cooled, that an authentic record may be made, upon that record will be found the names of every Confederate soldier who wore the gray and did his duty. It matters not if he came from the halls of wealth or the lowly cottage upon the mountain side, nor if he wore the stars of the general officer, or the gray blouse of the ranks. If



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. S. M. LE BROTEN
Louisiana



he did his duty he was a patriot, a nobleman. His old gray jacket gave him a patent to nobility greater and grander than those conferred by mortal hands. God, Himself, gave to the Confederate soldier the right of nobility; the old gray jacket was his decoration and insignia of the cause we loved and lost — the nobility of manhood.

We had been now on Morris Island several weeks, suffering the pangs of starvation, and every man bearing himself with dignity and courage through the trying ordeal. One morning in October, to our surprise, the guns of old Sumter, Charleston, Moultrie, and Johnson were silent. We could not divine why, and began to make all kinds of surmises. The negro guards and their officers walked leisurely about, without the fearful look they generally bore. After a long time we ascertained, from one of the negro sergeants in charge of our camp, that the Confederate government had demanded our removal from under fire and off of

Morris Island, or they were going to place six hundred officers (Federal prisoners of war) on the ramparts of Fort Sumter. He also stated that General Foster, commanding United States forces, had asked for a flag of truce conference, which was then in session. We could see the men on Fort Sumter's ramparts. All was as serene as a church picnic. Later on, this negro sergeant informed us that the Secretary of War, himself, from Washington, was on the flag of truce boat with his cabinet, and was making arrangements to exchange all the prisoners of war, colored troops included. We were, of course, elated at this information, and speculation, rumors and "grape" filled the camp. At sundown the guns of Charleston, Sumter, and the Yankee guns on Morris Island began booming; then we knew there was to be no exchange; but next morning the guns were again silent, the flag of truce boats were again together. At evening roll call the negro sergeant informed us exchange had been

accomplished. To confirm this Colonel Hallowell informed us he was going to be rid of us at last, and ordered us to be ready at daylight the next morning to move out of the stockade and off the island, for exchange. At daylight we were ordered to fall into line; out of the prison stockade we marched, down the beach to the old schooner hulks, which were utilized as our prison when we first landed on the island. We were packed on board of these old schooner hulks, the "Transit" and "J. A. Genet," where we remained thirty-six hours while the flag of truce boats were together off Fort Sumter. The conference failed to agree upon an exchange and we were marched back into the stockade prison pen in the afternoon, to again face the rigors of retaliation and brutality; and it can be said the Immortal Six Hundred faced the music like men. Why the exchange had failed of accomplishment we could never learn. On our return to the prison pen, from our march down the beach, our hearts were made

glad by a lot of boxes of tobacco, sweet potatoes, and peanuts our government had sent us under flag of truce. This renewed our strength, and we were all grateful. It was all our government had to send, and it told us the story of want at home, and gave us the cheering, silent news that we were not forgotten by our government and people in our trials and tribulations. For several days we just revelled in good old Rebel sweet potatoes and peanuts, and blew off our misfortunes in the smoke of good old Dixie tobacco. Our cares for the time vanished, and we slept like princes after a banquet. In the early morning the shelling of the island awoke us, the same old monotony settled upon the camp, the negro sentinels surrounded our camp, and the daily roll calls of the Yanks kept us from forgetting we were still prisoners of war on Morris Island, under fire of our own guns, suffering all the torments of retaliation, as unjust as it was cowardly and cruel.

After several days we were again or-

dered to pack up and be ready to move at daylight from the prison pen. Colonel Hallowell, who gave the order, said, "In view of the fact that you are to move early in the morning, you can all leave your tents earlier than usual to prepare for the march." Thinking, of course, he would give orders to the sentinels to allow us to leave our tents (and he said he would give the order) some of our fellows, prisoners, got up very early and built a small fire in the rear of their tents to boil some sweet potatoes. The negro sentinel ordered them to put out that fire, and followed his order with a shot from his musket, seriously but not dangerously wounding Captain Blair, of North Carolina, and Lieutenant Harris, of Virginia. The matter was reported to Colonel Hallowell, but no punishment or reprimand was inflicted upon the negro sentinel who had so flagrantly violated Colonel Hallowell's order; and I right here want to say that it was the general belief of our men that Hallowell never

gave the order to his negro sentinels. Most likely the negro was complimented for shooting Rebel prisoners of war.

Here is an order that Colonel Hallowell most openly violated. On page 312, Volume XXXV, War Records, Stewart M. Taylor, Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of South, in a letter to Colonel Hallowell, says:

"* * * I am directed to inform you that the brigadier-general commanding is not desirous that the Rebel prisoners should be employed to empty their sink tubs. Our officers in the hands of the Rebel authorities are not subjected to this indignity. * * *"

The letter is dated October 6, 1864, and addressed to Colonel Hallowell, in command of prison camp, Morris Island, S. C. Yet Colonel Hallowell never gave the least attention to the order, and compelled us to do this menial thing, although they admit that our people did not subject the Federal prisoners of war to such indignities.

On pages 284-285, General Foster,

in a letter to General Saxton, commanding Morris Island, says:

"* * * The rations of our officers (prisoners of war) in Charleston have been ascertained to be as follows: Fresh meat, three-fourths pound, or one-half pound salt meat; one-fifth pint of rice; one-half pound of hard bread or one-half pint of meal; one-fifth pint of beans. I desire, in rationing the prisoners of war now in your hands, that you should be governed accordingly, making sure that they receive no more than the above, except what salt or vinegar may be necessary for them. Our prisoners confined in Charleston do their own cooking, and I desire that the prisoners in your hands be made to do the same. The cooking must be done within the limits of the prison camp, and the printed orders of Colonel Gurney modified accordingly. * * *"

Now here is an admission from the major-general commanding the Department of the South that it had been ascertained that the Confederate government was feeding the prisoners of war good rations in Charleston, yet we prisoners

of war in General Foster's hands, under fire on Morris Island, were fed four rotten hardtack crackers, with half a pint of soup each day. Was, we ask, this cruelty wanton? If these Yanks had treated us half as well as our government treated Federal prisoners of war we would have made no protest. On the word of a deserter (Charles Harris) from Charleston, who said there were 600 or 700 Federal prisoners of war under fire in Charleston, was this cruel, cowardly retaliation *inflicted upon us Confederate soldiers.* Further on in the same letter General Foster calls Saxton's attention to the possible attempt that might be made by our forces to release us. He says, "In case of an attack, shoot down any Rebel prisoners found out of the stockade." What humanity General Foster displays in this order; what a contrast between the treatment of the Union prisoners of war in our hands and the Confederate prisoners of war in the Federal prisons of the North.

When the order came to move out of the stockade pen we thanked God exchange had come at last. We would soon be free men, back in Dixie, away from Hallowell, Foster, and their brutal niggers. But, alas, disappointment awaited us; hope was to be ousted from our hearts by despair, and fate had in store for us a harder ordeal. As we marched down the beach to once more board the old schooner hulks our hearts were glad, but before the sun set we knew exchange was not for us. Before leaving Morris Island all blankets marked U. S. were taken from those who had them. This was done by order, we were told, of General Foster. After being packed on the old schooner hulks the 127th New York Volunteers took charge of us. White troops, at last! This was at least a betterment of our condition. After a short delay at the Morris Island wharf, a gunboat took us in tow for Fort Pulaski, on Cock-Spur Island, at the mouth of the Savannah River.

Before leaving Morris Island some of our number, through influence at home, succeeded in being exchanged specially. All the wounded of our party (fifty or more) were exchanged at Hilton Head.

There was nothing of great moment occurred on the trip from Morris Island to Fort Pulaski. The white troops gave us of their rations, and made our condition as comfortable as they could.

There was an incident occurred, just as we were leaving the stockade pen on Morris Island, that made me regret very much my hasty action. As I said before, it was the general impression, as we marched out of the pen, that we were to be exchanged; and this fact made me feel like telling Colonel Hallowell my opinion of him. He was standing at the prison gate, glaring at us as we passed out. We were marching by fours; in the fours just ahead of me was Capt. Bruce Gibson, Major W. W. Goldsborough, and two other officers whose identity I now

forget. When I reached Hallowell I halted and said, "You yellow-faced scoundrel, we are going back home now, and I hope and pray to God that it may be my fortune to get my hands on you, that the world may be rid of such a brute." His face turned livid with rage. He shouted out to one of the nigger guards to shoot that man, meaning me; but the guard pointed his gun direct at Capt. Bruce Gibson, and would have killed him but for the order of one of the negro sergeants to put down his gun. By this time the line had passed Hallowell, and Captain Gibson was saved. I never in all my life was so unstrung; my foolish temper had almost cost an innocent life — the life of my dearest friend. After this incident my temper was kept under control. This was the only conversation I ever had with Hallowell. When he came into our prison pen I got out of his way. I hated the man with an insane hate for his treatment of Lieutenant Peake. After we learned that we

were not to be exchanged we began to speculate as to what the Yanks would do to us, now they had taken us from under fire. The wildest talk that was ever heard was listened to on the transport that night. Lieut. Pete Akers said he was sure we were all to be slaughtered, and boots for General Foster and his staff made of our hides. Others said we were to be put to work on river and harbor fortifications; but Captain Hammack, of Kentucky, said a sentinel told him, confidentially, that we were to be slaughtered at Fort Pulaski, packed in salt, and fed to Foster's niggers to make them fight. At daylight on the morning after leaving Morris Island we arrived at Fort Pulaski's wharf. About 9 o'clock we were ordered to fall into line on deck. Then we were marched onto the fort wharf, lined up and searched. What few U. S. blankets our men had hid from the Morris Island search were taken from us, leaving a large majority of us with only the clothes we stood in. After this exercise we were

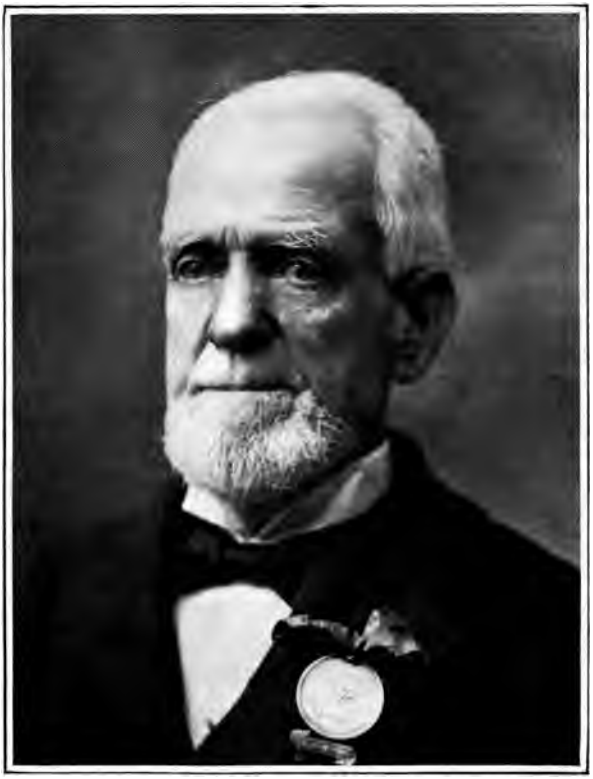
marched into the fort casemates, on the north side of the fort. Here we found luxurious quarters, consisting of rough pine board bunks to hold four people — two on top, two below,— no stoves, no blankets, no comforts, but the hard, rough pine board bunks; no downy pillows; no good, thick, warm comforts; no washstands, no easy rockers. All was hard, rough pine board bunks, and some of our fellows had the temerity to openly complain of such winter quarters, and say ugly things of the best government, etc., etc., while others of us thanked God we had white troops as guards. Our first meal in Fort Pulaski was a feast fit for the gods. It consisted of excellent white bread, good fat meat, and a great big tin cup of delicious vegetable soup, with lots of grease in it. After getting settled in the fort, with splendid cisterns of good drinking water, we began to think our troubles and woes had ended. On the day after our arrival, Col. P. P. Brown, commandant of Fort Pulaski, colonel

127th New York Volunteers, came into our prison quarters. We were drawn up in line, and he made a short speech. He said: "Gentlemen, you shall be treated, while in my custody, humanely. You who have friends within our lines with whom you can correspond may write them at once for money, clothing, and such other articles that will add to your comfort. I will do all for you I can do, consistent with my duty, to make you as comfortable as possible. Myself and my regiment have seen service in the field and know what is due a brave foe. I will make this the model military prison of the United States. I have already made requisition on headquarters for blankets and clothing for you, and full army rations, together with plenty of fuel. All I shall ask is that you obey orders for government of the prison, and such sanitary rules as shall be issued by me."

We began to believe this was a dream. For a few days we had good white bread and plenty of it — full army

rations for a fact. But, alas, we were to be rudely awakened from this happy dream. Colonel Brown informed us his requisition had been ignored by Gen. J. G. Foster, commandant of the department, and he (Brown) was ordered to issue to us ten ounces of corn meal and one-half pint of onion pickle each twenty-four hours, as a ration, without salt, meat, grease, or vegetables. Ten ounces of corn meal, one-half pint of pickle — nothing more. No fuel but twelve sticks of pine cord wood for each division of twenty-eight men. The order, he said, was peremptory, leaving him no discretion whatever, and he was powerless in the matter. It must be said of Colonel Brown and his officers that they were gentlemen, and when he made the promise to treat us humanely and kindly he intended to keep his promise to the letter. The officers and men of the 127th New York (our guards) never failed to show their disgust for General Foster and his brutal corn meal order. No one but a

brute like Foster could have conceived such a ration to starve men. If the corn meal had been good we might have managed to live upon it and kept off the scurvy; but the meal was rotten — filled with black weevil bugs and worms. The barrels were branded, "Corn meal, kiln dried from —— Mills, 1861," showing by the brand and date on the barrels that it was four years old; condemned by the quartermaster as unfit food for nigger troops, but excellent diet for helpless Confederate prisoners of war. The acid onion and cucumber pickle was given us, it was said, to prevent scurvy; but the fact is that it was issued to create appetite and add misery to our hunger. To fully understand this ten-ounces-of-rotten-corn-meal-and-pickle order one must compare it with the United States Army regulation ration, which is one and one-quarter pounds ground corn — ground with peas — besides coffee, tea, sugar, bread, and meat. But our ration was simply ten ounces of rotten corn meal



COLONEL J. E. CANTWELL
North Carolina



and one-half pint of acid onion and cucumber pickle, without salt or meat or grease,— save the worms and bugs in the meal,— and this was to sustain life. After picking out the lumps, bugs, and worms in this rotten corn meal there was not more than seven ounces of meal left fit for use. And here I claim Gen. J. G. Foster, by issuing us unsound corn meal, robbed us of what his humane government intended we should have. Some of my comrades say that about the 1st of March, 1865, this corn meal ration was supplemented by four ounces of white bread. This may have been so, but this I do know: that six of us were not in the least benefited by the bread addition. We were locked up in a damp, cold cell in another part of the prison. Why, I will tell further on. Upon the corn-meal-pickle ration we lived for sixty-three days, our men suffering the torments of the lost. After we had been a few weeks at Fort Pulaski General Foster ordered that, for sanitary reasons, our number should

be divided and part sent to him at Hilton Head. I have always, and do now, believe that General Foster ordered part of our men sent to him at Hilton Head, his headquarters, that, like Nero, he could look on and enjoy the sufferings of his helpless victims starving to death. About December 10th scurvy made its appearance in our prison amongst the weakest of the prisoners. Most every man in the prison was suffering more or less with dysentery, and a large majority were, from the starvation diet, unable to leave their bunks. It was a pitiable sight to see human beings being starved to death by a government claiming to be civilized, humane, and religious.

Each man was his own cook. In the casemate of each division of prisoners there was a very large cook stove; each twenty-four hours twelve cord sticks of wood — pine — was issued to each twenty-eight men or division, as they were designated. Every morning the corn meal was issued. The fires were started in the

cook stoves but once each day — at noon — so that the prisoner who was not ready to cook his meal when the fire was started, ate it raw or let it alone until noon next day, when the fire would be again started. And bear in mind, my readers, it was rotten corn meal, without salt, meat, or grease to flavor it with.

The drinking water was excellent, obtained from the fort cisterns. There was no fuel allowed us for fires during the day, yet some of our men would manage to get hold of a chunk of coal, and, with an old camp kettle, they constructed stoves, and kept the atmosphere just above the freezing point. We had no blankets to keep us warm at night, and our beds were hard pine boards with no soft sides. No idea can be formed of our condition while we remained at Fort Pulaski. On Christmas day, 1864, the snow on the fort parade ground was four inches deep, and we prisoners of war had neither fire, blankets, nor clothing to shield us from the rigors of the winter weather.

Really, it seemed like the elements had joined hands with Stanton and Foster to destroy us. There can be no claim set up by the Federal authorities and General Foster, commanding Department of the South, that the ration given us was the best that could be done for us. If such claim is made, it is false, for I do know that the storehouse of the fort contained commissary stores going to waste, while we human beings were being starved to death. The treatment of our prisoners of war by General Foster, U. S. A., was the refinement of cruelty. God grant I may never be again subjected to such cruelty, nor witness such infamous barbarity, as that inflicted upon the six hundred Confederate officers at Fort Pulaski. It was shocking to look upon these poor helpless prisoners of war, starved until they became walking skeletons; and some of the six hundred were wounded men, whose wounds had not yet healed over. Why they were not exchanged with those at Hilton Head I do not know. Hunger

drove our men to catching and eating dogs, cats, and rats. Now, when I can calmly think over the terrible ordeal, I wonder why we did not eat each other. How one man of the Immortal Six Hundred came out of Fort Pulaski and Hilton Head prisons alive is beyond the ken of man. God only knows. Our men became as expert as cats at catching rats. If a rodent poked his nose out of his hole some fellow would nab him like a cat. We had cleaned out all the cats about the fort but one. He was a pet of Colonel Brown's wife; she begged us not to disturb him, so Tom came in our prison perfectly free from danger, although I must say that about Christmas day the temptation was very great to make a Christmas roast of Tom. We went through Christmas week dreaming and talking of the good things our people must have at home in Dixie, and we would wonder if our loved ones and comrades had anything to eat beyond their army rations. On the first day of January, 1865, the

scurvy became prevalent in our prison. The doctor, whose name I can not remember, did the best he could for us with the medicine General Foster's order allowed him to use in practice amongst the prisoners. He would often say, "Men, the medicines allowed me are not the proper remedies for scurvy, but I can get no other for you. I am doing all I can for you. On or about the 15th of January, 1865, our condition became so serious that Capt. J. Lewis Cantwell, of North Carolina, wrote a letter to some friends in relation to our treatment. If the letter ever reached Richmond I do not know. Below is a copy of the letter sent by Captain Cantwell:

Fort Pulaski, Ga., February 6, 1865.

HON. GEORGE DAVIS,
Attorney-General C. S. A.,
Richmond, Va.

My Dear Sir:

Believing that it is not contraband and that the Federal authorities do not desire to conceal the facts, I write to you to state briefly the suffering and privation to which we are

subjected, and I challenge a denial. Since the 1st day of January last our ration has been per day ten ounces of corn meal, about four ounces of wheat bread, salt, etc, and more pickles than we can eat! And until very recently this, too, was the only diet for those of us who were sick. Three-fourths of our number are in consequence sick with scurvy, diarrhœa, and coughs, and supplies have not been allowed to reach such of us as had friends to send them, but were returned; and we are directed to apply to General Wessel at Washington, D. C., for permits to receive them. A number of applications have been made, but as yet no reply has been received. I write requesting that these facts be made known in the proper quarter. To our enemies I have no complaint to make.

Very truly your friend,
JOHN S. CANTWELL,
Captain 3d N. C. Inf.,
Prisoner of War.

Our condition was almost beyond endurance during the last days of January. Colonels De Gurney, Le Breton, Captain Cantwell, and others wrote Colonel Brown, commandant of the prison, a letter, which must have been sent to Gen-

eral Grover, commanding Savannah District, who sent his medical director to inspect our prison and report our condition. Here is General Grover's letter to superior headquarters:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SAVANNAH,
Savannah, Ga., February 7, 1865.
ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL,
Headquarters Department of the South.

My medical director yesterday inspected the condition of the Rebel prisoners confined at Fort Pulaski, and represents that they are in a condition of great suffering and exhaustion for want of sufficient food and clothing; also, that they have scurvy to considerable extent. He recommends, as a necessary sanitary measure, that they be at once put on full prison rations and, also, that they be allowed to receive necessary articles of clothing from friends. I would respectfully endorse the surgeon's recommendations, and ask authority to take such steps as may be necessary to relieve actual sickness and suffering.

C. GROVER,
Brev. Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

(War Records, Vol. viii, Series ii, Serial 121, p. 163.)

No attention was paid by headquarters to this request of General Grover. The corn-meal-pickle diet went on, and we suffered. No blankets, no clothing was ever given us,— and I have been informed by Dr. Cherry, now of Virginia, that he was one of a committee who delivered to Gen. J. G. Foster, under flag of truce, clothing and other articles for our comfort, which General Foster's flag of truce officers received and promised should be delivered to the prisoners at Fort Pulaski and Hilton Head, but which never were given us, but stolen by the men, I suppose, who received them for us under a flag of truce. General Foster, U. S. A., has much to be proud of in this transaction. I shall pass it without further comment.

About the last days of January and during the month of February our suffering was most intense. Scurvy had strong hold on our men, and the doctor in charge of the prison was not allowed the proper medicine to combat the dread

disease. I say again, it is strange that we did not eat each other. Nothing but the bayonets of the guards prevented it. The first dog meat used in our prison was the suggestion of Lieut. Dave N. Prewett, one of Morgan's famous cavalry, who by his persausive manner, decoyed inside of the dead line a beautiful setter dog, property of one of the fort officers. When the dog crossed the dead line it was but a few moments before Prewitt had him inside the prison. In very short order the carcass of the dog was ready for the pan, in the shape of chops, roasts, and fries. After cooking the dog meat Prewitt invited some of his friends to the feast, I amongst them. The meat, to us starving men, was delicious. The next feast of dog meat was served by Lieut. Matt Hixon, Arkansas. There was a fine, large, fat pointer that often came into our prison, and Hixon concluded one day to slaughter this dog, which he did; and again we reveled in dog meat. We had steaks, roasts, and soup. The meat was

tender and white; but, reader, I do not commend dog meat as a daily food, but if you ever are so unfortunate as to be a prisoner of war in the hands of a Gen. J. G. Foster, living on retaliation rations, you will find in your hunger that dog meat is most excellent, indeed.

It is impossible to explain how we lived through the terrible ordeal of fire and starvation. Those were horrible days — days which most thoroughly convinced me that nothing but actual experiment can determine how much starvation, hunger, and bad treatment a human being can stand, especially if he was a prisoner of war in the hands of the Federal government during the years 1861-65. When the wolf, hunger, takes hold of a man, all that is human in the man disappears. He will, in his hunger, eat anything. I most fully understand, after my personal experience, why those poor fellows on the late expedition to the North Pole did eat each other, and thought it no crime. No person knows

what hunger is, what it really means, unless they have had an experience in starvation's grasp. The torture of starvation exceeds all other torture in intensity; it beats sheol itself. What can be greater torture to a man with the least heart than to suffer himself and see those he loves suffering about him, and he powerless to help them? It was sad, it was heart-breaking, to see the suffering of our men in the Fort Pulaski prison; suffering because Gen. J. G. Foster preferred to take the word of Confederate deserters to the word of his own officers and men who, over their own signatures, wrote him they were not under fire, not in danger, but kindly and fairly treated by the Confederate authorities, both officers and men, who guarded them. One of the very sad cases of the regime at Fort Pulaski prison comes vividly back to me now. Lieut. Billy Funk, 5th Regt., Stonewall Brigade, one of our number, was little more than a boy in years when he joined the Confederate Army in 1861.

A gallant, brave boy, he was captured May 12, 1864, at the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, reaching Fort Delaware prison just in time to be selected as one of the six hundred to be turned over to the tender care of humane Gen. J. G. Foster, U. S. A. Upon Lieutenant Funk the rigors of retaliation worked very hard, and soon completely broke him down. But never a complaint escaped his lips, and he bore his suffering like a hero. Lieut. Tom S. Doyle, a noble fellow, Funk's messmate and regimental comrade, with us all, did all we could do to help him and keep him alive, giving him part of our scanty corn meal ration and all the white bread given us, which was just two ounces. (This white bread was not added to our corn-meal-pickle ration until late in February.) In his suffering with dysentery and scurvy Funk lost heart and nerve, slowly starving to death. One day I had the good fortune to catch a big fat cat. Capt. Thornton Hammack, 49th Ky. Regt.,

skinned the animal for me, and dressed it for the pan. In an old tin can I made soup of part of the cat for Funk, and, after threats and coaxing, I prevailed upon him to drink some of the soup. The effect upon him was magical. It revived him in spirits and for a time counteracted the effects of the scurvy. As long as I could get him rat and cat meat he showed signs of improvement; but the cats gave out, and the rats I could not catch. I had not the wealth to purchase them from the fellows who could, so poor Billy Funk relapsed back into his former condition. He never rallied, and died, shortly after our return to Fort Delaware prison, in the arms of his mother who was allowed to see him an hour or two before his death. Poor, dear Billy Funk! Methinks I can see your sad face now, and hear your gentle voice in prayer to God for relief denied you by your fellow man. Lieutenant Funk's remains now rest in Mount Hebron Cemetery — hallowed grounds — in Winchester, Va., be-

side the remains of his gallant brother, Col. Stover Funk, commanding the old Stonewall Brigade, who was mortally wounded, almost in sight of his home, near the close of the war. Billy Funk was a good Christian man. God bless the mothers of the South who gave such boys to the cause of right.

We had not less than two hundred of our number at Fort Pulaski suffering with dysentery and scurvy. At one time many died and were buried in the graveyard of the fort.

The officers and men of the 127th New York Volunteers were, from Colonel Brown down the line, clever, humane men. They felt our condition and did whatever they dared to alleviate our suffering. The doctor in charge of our prison medical department was a kind-hearted man; I regret his name has gone from me, but his kindness to our suffering men will never be forgotten. Often, in these days of peace and plenty, the days of the ordeal of 1864-5 at Pulaski, comes

back to me, and the kind face of that doctor, who did all that man could do for us with the medicines allowed for our use by that Christian soldier, Gen. J. G. Foster, U. S. A. All the doctor had in his medicine chest for use in the prison was calomel pills, opium pills, salts, and jamaica ginger, with a few other medicines the doctor would smuggle into the prison for the very sick. Had he been detected by Foster's spies in this act of humanity, he would have lost his commission, and possibly his liberty, for disobedience of orders. Language can not describe our condition during the last days at Fort Pulaski, on the corn meal and pickle diet. Words are inadequate to make the picture. No pen can draw the ghastly picture and horrors of those days and nights, when the United States government permitted Gen. J. G. Foster, U. S. A., to starve six hundred helpless Confederate prisoners of war, at Fort Pulaski and Hilton Head. Edwin M. Stanton, Federal Secretary of War, gave the



MAJOR L. CLARKE LEFTWITCH
Virginia

orders; Gen. J. G. Foster executed them.

The very idea of feeding human beings on ten ounces of corn meal and half a pint of acid pickles is revolting in itself. But couple it with the fact that the meal was rotten, filled with worms, without salt, meat, or grease to flavor it, is almost beyond belief. Yet the proof is beyond question that this rotten corn meal and pickle was all the ration Gen. J. G. Foster, the humane modern Nero, gave us while held at Hilton Head and Fort Pulaski as prisoners of war.

What was the result from this cruel order of retaliation? Under the sands of Morris Island, Hilton Head, S. C., and in the swamp graveyard of Fort Pulaski, and buried under the swamp, are Confederate soldiers — prisoners of war — murdered by the cruel retaliation orders of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and his chief executioner, Gen. J. G. Foster, U. S. A.

Over the graves of these grand Confederate braves the bright stars of heaven

keep vigil; the wild sea birds sing requiems to their rest, far away from their loved dead the hearts of many mothers mourn their boys, many a poor wife her husband, many a noble and sweet woman her soldier lover, who had left her and marched away to battle for the land he loved with her prayer — "God keep you and bless you, my darling" — ringing in his ear, who found an unmarked but honored grave under the sands of Morris Island, Hilton Head, and in the swamps about Fort Pulaski; and these graves point heavenward, monuments to the vindictive and wanton cruelty of Stanton and Foster to the six hundred Confederate officers, victims of their hate.

Col. P. P. Brown, I repeat, was a humane man. His soul revolted at the cruelty inflicted upon us by order of his superior officer, General Foster. Colonel Brown, we were informed by his officers, had asked General Foster, time and time again, to send him and his regiment to

the front; that they loathed their positions as jailors over helpless, starving men, over whose treatment they had no control. We wrote Colonel Brown a petition on one occasion, asking him to come into our prison and see our actual condition. His reply was, "I can not come and see the suffering of my fellow man which I am completely powerless to modify or prevent. My requests for you have all been ignored by headquarters; I can do nothing to alleviate your condition." On Sunday inspection Colonel Brown and his staff would rush through our prison like they were glad to get away from the sight of cruelty presented to them.

I want to say a few words for Colonel Brown's wife. One day, in a fit of desperation, I wrote Colonel Brown a note, asking him to grant me an interview. To my surprise, on the following day he granted it. A sergeant conducted me to his office quarters. The Colonel received me politely. I told him I had an uncle in St. Louis, St. Andrew Mur-

ray, who would gladly aid me with money if I were allowed to communicate with him. His reply was, "Sir, I, personally, would be glad to grant your request; but I am sorry indeed I can not, under my orders, do so. I am powerless." For a few moments he left the office. The lady who had been present during the interview was Colonel Brown's wife. Turning to me she said, "Write your draft on your uncle; you shall have the money." I made the draft as she directed, and in due time received the money. This kind, noble lady, God bless her, gave me, as I left the office, a paper containing two large slices of bread, butter, and ham. I took them to my sick comrade, Billy Funk. I say again, God bless that noble woman! May the Grand Master who implanted the Christian heart in her breast give her a crown in that better world of love and peace.

There were lots of good fellows in the 127th New York Volunteers. They had been often under fire, and could ap-

preciate the condition and feel for the prisoners of war. Often, when they were on duty about the prison some of them would put a loaf of bread or piece of meat on the end of their bayonets and dare any Rebel to take it off, always holding their guns in such position that the meat or bread could be taken off by the prisoners. These men took this method of helping us and getting around the orders. They dare not openly disobey. There was one officer in this regiment who deserves well of every Fort Pulaski prisoner. He was Major Place, quartermaster of post. His kindness to the prisoners will ever be remembered by us all of the Fort Pulaski detachment. On one occasion this kind hearted fellow took a lot of his men fishing with seines in the Savannah River about the fort. At night, after their return, Major Place gave Capt. Ed. Chambers, of Alabama, one of the prisoners, a barrel of the fish he and his men had caught during the day. " These," he said, " Captain Cham-

bers, distribute to your sick men who can not get about." At another time he gave Captain Chambers a half-barrel of damaged coffee, which had been condemned by the quartermaster department, and would have been thrown out. Some spy about the fort reported this matter to Major-General Foster, commanding department; an investigation was made, but nothing resulted from it to Major Place. No doubt had General Foster's investigation proved the giving of the coffee to the prisoners, Major Place would have lost his commission for his humanity to starving men. God bless you, Major Place! May you prosper in this world, and the world to come, for your goodness and humanity to our starving men. Yours was the true Christian charity the Master taught.

These six hundred Confederate officers — prisoners of war — who went through the fearful ordeal of fire and starvation were a noble body of men. There were a few scallawags in our num-

ber, which is always the case in large or small bodies of men; but it is a proud record to present to the world, that, notwithstanding the ordeal of fire, starvation, and disease, there were but eighteen of the six hundred who faltered and took the oath of allegiance to the United States government, disgracing themselves, dishonoring their uniforms, leaving their comrades to suffer. What nation of the world can present a better record than this? And does it not prove the oft-repeated claim that the Confederate army was an army of heroes, whose hearts were as true and brave as ever beat in the breast of an Alexander, or a Ney? What could be said that would be flattery of the five hundred and eighty-three men who kept the faith throughout the terrible ordeal? No torture could wring from these men one whimper of pain, nor one regret that they had linked their fortunes with the cause of the South and followed her flag whither it led. These men were heroes by nature's gift; they were Southern

men by birth, noblemen whose right to nobility came from God.

There is no place where the virtues and the vices, the true character of men, will so soon show itself, and so prominently, as it will when men are placed in the position as were these six hundred Confederate officers; the good or bad in a man's nature will rise to the surface like oil on water, do what he may to keep it down. And what a consolation it is to those who kept the faith, who now in the evening of life can recall that bitter past. They can tell it to their children without shame or regret, and thank God for the strength given them to bear the ordeal they were forced to undergo. Col. Abe Fulkerson, brave, generous, true, noble fellow, wrote me, just before his death: "Murray, I always thank God, and I have never forgotten to do this, for His goodness and mercy in allowing me to be one of the Immortal Six Hundred who kept the faith unto the end." Shortly after receipt of this letter Colonel

Fulkerson was summoned to answer the roll call over the river. He is now resting under the trees in the camp of God's love. A braver or truer man never lived.

Charles F. Crisp, Lieutenant 10th Va. Regt. Inf., was one of the six hundred. After the war closed he became speaker of the United States Congress. Lieut. J. E. Cobb, 5th Texas, also became a member of Congress. Capt. Bruce Gibson, 6th Va. Cav., a true, generous soul, whose ministration to his sick comrades of the six hundred made him loved and honored — he, too, has gone to rest. I recall, as I sit and write, the dreadful sights of misery in that Fort Pulaski prison — loved comrades starving to death, dying with that terrible disease scurvy, and the great government of the United States responsible for all this wanton cruelty; and yet no effort was made to alleviate or curtail it. Who of the six hundred will ever forget grand old Capt. John Lucas Cantwell, N. C.? Gentle, kind, true; never tiring of helping

his sick comrades. Grand old hero, your name is engraved upon our hearts; we can bear testimony for you before the bar of God. Dear old Capt. Ed Chambers, have you passed to your reward? You carried out the command of the divine Master, "love thy neighbor as thyself." Capt. Lewis Harman, 12th Va. Cav., generous with whatever he had. Lieut. Tom S. Doyle and Capt. J. L. Hempstead, doing all that men could do to better the condition of their sick comrades. And Lieut. Peter B. Akers — dear old Pete, the soul of generosity, the most unselfish man I ever knew in all my life; never thinking of himself, always doing for others. When it is God's pleasure to call dear old Pete over the line, I feel sure no crown in the kingdom of God's love will be brighter than that which will be given to P. B. Akers. All these dear old comrades were nature's noblemen; the leaven which God in His goodness gave to man, to lead him up to the higher life. As I gaze at the photo-

graphs that hang upon my room walls I see that one of dear comrade Le Broten, of Louisiana, gentle, kind, suffering without a murmur. A soldier of the Confederacy, he could die for principle; he would not surrender it. Then comes Capt. J. L. Hempstead, once during the war drill master of the 5th Va. Inft., Stonewall's Brigade; gentle as a woman, brave as the lion, a courtly knight of the old school, his heart went out in sympathy to his suffering comrades, his generous hand relieved their wants from his scanty ration. Captain Hempstead was born in Iowa, of Virginian parentage. When the war tocsin sounded he gave up home, loved ones, and comfort to help in the defense of Virginia's honor. Capt. Will Page Carter, Page's Battery, a lovable comrade, kind and generous, a dignified gentleman. "We can suffer, men, for principle; we can not surrender without dishonor," I heard him say to those comrades about him who were not able to leave their bunks. I wish it were possible for me to

recall all the noble spirits of that Immortal Six Hundred. Their names are written on Fame's scroll. God knows them; the world will honor them. Many of those dear comrades have joined the silent army. Their memory shall always have the warmest spot in my heart; my prayer is for God's choicest blessings upon them all who were true unto the end of the inhuman ordeal of retaliation inflicted upon us by Stanton and Foster, backed by the United States government. We who were true can speak of the comradeship of love to each other. It was born in suffering, cemented by the brutality of a civilized government controlled by brutes. Men, as a rule, when suffering, become selfish; but this was not true of the majority of the six hundred. Of course, there were some selfish men in our number, but it can be truthfully said, take out from our number the seventeen scallawags who took the oath of allegiance, surrendering their manhood, and there never was a grander lot of men

brought together than the Immortal Six Hundred. The efforts of one prisoner to relieve the other were sublime; it was grand. Captain Cantwell's conception of a prison aid society was a true index of the man's heart. Below is a copy of the intention of the society, its constitution and membership:

RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF FORT PULASKI, 1864.

Confederate States Officers' Prison Barracks,
Fort Pulaski, Ga., December 13, 1864.

At a called meeting of the Confederate States officers confined in these quarters, held at the quarters of Major Jones, Col. A. Fulkerson was called to the chair and Capt. Jno. L. Cantwell requested to act as secretary. At the request of the chairman, Capt. H. C. Dickinson explained the objects of the meeting, to-wit, to be the formation of an association for the relief, etc., of the sick of our number, etc., and submitted the following preamble and constitution, which were, on motion, adopted:

Whereas, It has been suggested that a number of our brother officers, confined with us as prisoners of war at Fort Pulaski, are deprived of some absolute necessaries of life,

by reason of their inability to communicate with their homes and friends; and

Whereas, Some of such officers, by reason of the diseases incident to prison life, are exposed to much suffering and in danger of neglect if left to the care of individuals, and

Whereas, We recognize the binding obligation on us, as Confederate officers, to search for and relieve the distress of all worthy officers and soldiers of our common country; now the more effectually to carry out our purpose we, whose names are signed to this paper,

DO HEREBY ORGANIZE "The Confederate Relief Association," adopt the following constitution and by-laws for our government, and pledge ourselves, as individuals, from time to time, when called on by the proper officers of the "Association," to aid in sustaining it to the extent of our ability.

CONSTITUTION.

First Article. The officers of the Confederate Relief Association shall consist of a president, a vice-president, a treasurer, a secretary, and an executive committee of one man from each of the five divisions into which we are at present formed. Each of these of-

ficers shall be elected *viva voce,* and shall continue in office till a change in our situation or condition renders a new election necessary.

Second Article. It shall be the duty of the president to convene this Association when in his opinion it may be necessary. He shall preside at all the meetings, shall call on the Association for contributions to the treasurer, and shall detail, upon the suggestion of either member of the executive committee, nurses for the sick, and where practicable may command the medical services of any member of the society who may have been a physician.

Third Article. The vice-president shall preside during the absence or sickness of the president and is charged with the duty of assisting the president, as far as necessary, in all his duties.

Fourth Article. The secretary shall keep a record of all the proceedings, including a balance sheet of weekly receipts and expenditures, and shall countersign all orders for the expenditure of money.

Fifth Article. The treasurer shall receive and keep all moneys of the Association with an account of the same, and shall pay such moneys upon the orders of either mem-

ber of the executive committee countersigned by the secretary.

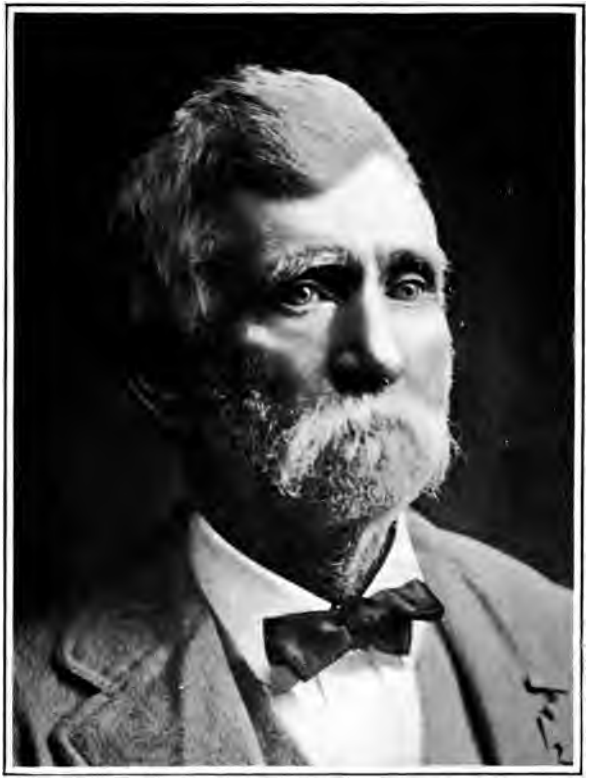
Sixth Article. The executive committee shall be the active body of this Association, it being expected that they will search out all cases of sickness or suffering in this prison or any Confederate hospital connected with it, and report the same to the president; that they shall frequently meet on the call of the ranking officer of the committee to devise means for the aid and comfort of sick or suffering officers, and that when relief is necessary for any man in the division of either member of the said committee, he shall procure the same by a requisition upon the treasurer countersigned by the secretary.

The Association organized by electing the following officers:

Col. A. Fulkerson, president; Major MacCreary, vice-president; Capt. H. C. Dickinson, treasurer; Capt. J. L. Cantwell, secretary; and Capt. J. G. Knox, Major Jones, Captain Ake, Captain Campbell, and Major Zeigler, as members of the executive committee from Divisions No. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 respectively.

On motion adjourned.

JOHN L. CANTWELL, Secretary.



LIEUTENANT PAT HOGAN
27th Virginia



A List of Members of Confederate Relief Association.

A. Fulkerson	M. G. Zeigler
H. C. Dickinson	Wm. Barries
P. V. Batte	D. A. Imes
M. R. Wilson	J. B. McCreary
S. P. Allensworth	J. N. Chisholm
A. M. King	R. L. Miller
Rodes Massie	W. A. Martin
J. M. Burges	John L. Lemon
H. S. Handerson	Jno. B. Fitzpatrick
W. J. Dumas	H. T. Coalter
T. H. Board	S. Lowe
John L. Cantwell	C. S. Lewis
John D. Ashton	T. H. Harris
W. F. Leathers	G. C. Nast
A. Dobyns	T. J. Doyle
J. W. A. Ford	J. G. Brown
T. M. Hammack	Dr. F. Booton
J. Ogden Murray	H. M. Dixon
F. Foussia	

December 28th.

The executive committee met and reported progress. The president reported collections made to amount of $11.00 and expenditures to amount of $11.00. The secretary was instructed to prepare an appeal to the

prisoners for contributions to be placed in the hands of the executive committee.

Adjourned.

J. L. CANTWELL, Secretary.

Hilton Head, S. C., November 24, 1864.

CAPT. JOHN L. CANTWELL,

Dear Sir:—Agreeable to promise, I embrace this opportunity of writing you a few lines to inform you of our safe arrival at this place, all well. We arrived about seven o'clock the evening of the day we left Fort Pulaski. We are camped about one mile from the town, three in a tent — the same tents we lived in at Morris Island. Lieutenants Henderson, Merchant, and myself are together. Since we have been here we have had a very disagreeable time. The weather has been quite cold — we had ice last night and night before from a half to one inch thick. You would be amused to see our chimney which we have erected to our tent. The material is sand and grass. We had a fire in it last night for the first time, and made our tent comfortable, notwithstanding it smoked some. Built it higher this morning and hope it will draw better. No news of interest. Give my very best respects to Captains MacRae and Cowan, Lieutenants Gurganns, Henderson, and Childs and all enquiring friends. My address

is Hilton Head, S. C., 3d Division. Hoping this may reach you safe and find you in good health, I remain

Yours very respectfully,

GEORGE M. CRASSON,
Prisoner of War.

This was one of the letters that came to Fort Pulaski from Hilton Head after part of our number had been sent to that place.

The incidents of the Fort Pulaski prison are written from memory; many have been forgotten. One thing that often impressed me was the heroic conduct of our men under the ordeal. Before taps, every night, some of our comrades would get together in one of the casemates of the prison and sing the old familiar songs of the South, seeming for the time to forget the pains of retaliation and their hunger. Some day I hope some of the noble six hundred will group together the incidents as they come to them, and put them in shape for preservation — the amusing with the pathetic, for they

are all worth the keeping, and help to tell the story of those brave and true men.

One incident comes to me just now. One very cold day while standing by the cooking stove awaiting the building of the fire, I noticed a Georgia captain, of our party, picking from his ration of meal the lumps, bugs, and worms. I said, "Captain, why do you throw your corn meal away?" "I am not throwing it away," he replied, "I am picking out the bugs, worms, and filth." "Why, man," I said, "the bugs and worms are the meat intended for you, and will help to give taste to the meal." "That's so," he said, and quit the work. We had one or two opium eaters in our party, made so by the medicine furnished by order of General Foster. It was heartrending to see these poor, dear fellows begging for opium pills from the doctor, when sick call was made. It may have been wrong in me to do so, yet, when I saw their suffering for the drug, I would go to the doctor and get him to give me pills, which I would

give to these grand men, made beasts by the cruelty of the United States government. One of the poor fellows died and was buried — Lieutenant Fitzgerald, C. S. N.

All matter personal to myself, so far as possible, has been left out of this history with the narration of the attempt of some of us to escape from Fort Pulaski, and letters from comrades. The story of Hilton Head prison is told with this story of those who did escape.

Christmas eve night, December 24, 1864, was one of the coldest nights, I think, we had to endure while at Fort Pulaski prison. I was lying in my bunk, praying that God would let me go to sleep and never awake in life. Yes, I was begging God to let me die and end my torture. I was cold and hungry, no blanket to cover me, no fire to warm me. As I turned over in my bunk, to warm the side of my body exposed to the cold, one of the boards fell from the bunk, and I got out to replace it, that I might lie

down. In fixing the board in its place, by the dim light of the prison lamp, I saw beneath my bunk a trap door. For a few moments I felt dazed and really believed I was but dreaming. After a little while I gathered my wits, and this thought came to me: "Providence has answered your prayer; through this door you can reach liberty." Little sleep came to me after this discovery. I laid all sorts of plans, only to brush them aside. At daylight I awoke my comrade, Dave Prewitt, of Kentucky, and communicated to him my discovery. I can, in my mind, recall the look of pity Prewitt gave me after he had heard my story. It was a look that plainly said, "Poor Murray, he's gone; the cruelty was too much for him." But when he saw the door, like myself he concluded Providence made it especially for our escape. We sat on the side of my bunk guarding our secret as though it was a gem. We made plans, we rejected them, and we finally concluded to find out the construction plan of the

fort before we moved. Capt. Ed. Chambers, of Alabama, one of our number, had some experience in building forts. After pledging him to secrecy, we unfolded to him our find, and the first reply he made to our inquiry threw upon us hogsheads of cold water. "Why, boys," he said, "this fort's foundation is no doubt a lot of large blocks of granite which you could not cut through in forty years if you had all the improved tools necessary for the purpose. And yet, it may be," he added, "the foundation is built of hard brick, set in cement. The door under your bunk goes down into an air chamber built for the purpose of keeping these casemate floors dry. One chamber does not connect with the other by any opening. These chambers are fifteen or twenty feet square and are built all under this fort. If you boys go down you will find yourselves in ten feet of water and mud that has oozed in from the moat; so take my advice and give up the project. It will not work." When we finished this

interview with Captain Chambers our hearts were way down below zero. For a few hours we brooded over the matter saying very little of it to each other. December 25th, Prewitt and myself sat on the side of my bunk, talking of the good fat turkeys and luscious hams they were eating at his home in Kentucky, and how we could enjoy just the turkey bones, if we had them, when suddenly Prewitt turned to me and said, "Ogden, let's try and get to where those turkeys and good things are; let's go down through that trapdoor and find a way out of this hole." It was all done in a moment. Down in that hole we went, up to our armpits in water and mud; and the coldest water I ever dropped into. We groped about in the dark, feeling our way around the wall, but could find no opening. We did, however, find out that the foundation was brick, set in cement good and hard. After this discovery we found also that the wall at the water line was much wider than it was next to the floor. We got

out by Prewitt getting on my shoulders and pulling himself out by the floor; then he pulled me out. Prewitt had two pair of pants, and part of an old blanket. He put on the pants and loaned me the blanket to keep me from freezing while my pants dried. I do positively believe I had to tell my comrades six million lies about how I fell down in one of the cisterns that some one left open. We gave Captain Chambers full details of our exploration below, but his advice was to stop our foolishness before we took cold and died. While talking to Chambers, he said: "If you had a good hard saw to cut out the cement, and a bar to pry out the bricks you might, in months of hard work, cut from one air chamber to the other until you cut outside of the guard line,"— but this was doubtful. Well, this settled it, and we determined to cut that wall. We got hold of an eighteen-inch stove poker; Prewitt had an old dinner knife of which we made a saw; Billy Funk agreed to watch for the coming of

the guard or officer of the day, and that night, December 25, 1864, we began what seemed to be a hopeless task. After taps, every night for a week, Lieutenant Funk would take up his position on my bunk, and if anything moved he notified us by knocking on the floor with his heels. We would then stop work until he gave the signal all was well. We worked on for one week, getting out but few bricks. We finally concluded to take into our confidence some help, so we organized a working party of Capt. W. W. Griffin, 1st Maryland Battery, C. S. A.; Captain Kent, Georgia; Lieutenant W. H. Chew, Georgia; Lieut. Hugh Dunlap, Tennessee; and Capt. Ed. Chambers, Alabama, with Prewitt and myself. One night a fellow named Gillispie caught Prewitt coming out of the trapdoor, so we took him in with us to keep him quiet. Every night we would go down in pairs to work on the wall. Our only tools were the case knife, made into a saw, and the eighteen-inch fire poker. We worked waist-

deep in water from the 25th of December, 1864, to February 28, 1865. We never missed one night, and our efforts were finally rewarded. We had cut through forty-two brick walls that were eight feet thick, making a cut through just 336 feet of solid brick walls, with that old case knife and poker. At last we were done and fixed upon the night of February 28, 1865 (which was Saturday night), to say good bye to our Yankee captors. So silently had we worked, so guarded was our secret, that not one of the prisoners outside of Lieut. Billy Funk knew we were at work on the tunnel of escape. By saving an ounce or two of corn meal each day, from our rations, we had considerable pone to sustain us until we could cross over the Savannah River and find friends from whom we could obtain food. At 11 p. m., February 28, 1865, we began our exit. Captain Griffin was the first man below. Lieutenant Chew followed, then Captain Kent, then Dunlap, Gillispie,

Prewitt, then myself. When we had all gotten below, Captain Chambers could not, he said, get through the trap door, so we left him. Poor Lieut. Billy Funk cried and pleaded to be taken with us, but the poor fellow was unable to get out of the bunk, practically dead with scurvy. We chose the night of February 28th to make the move to escape, first, because the tunnel in the walls was finished; second, because General Mollineux, 157th N. Y. Vols., came this night with his command, to relieve the 127th New York and, in the confusion of transfer, we thought our chances would be better for success. The night was dark, and a drizzling rain was falling. All went well with us through the tunnel until we reached the trapdoor in the casemate at the end of our tunnel, which we were to ascend through to the casemate above. When we attempted to remove the door we found, to our consternation, that it was weighted down by some very heavy weight. It was a dilemma we had not

counted on. We knew we could not cut through another wall by daylight, so we concluded to force up that door at all risks. Four or five of us got under it, pushing with our hands and heads until Dave Prewitt could get the poker under the edge of the door. When he pried down on the poker he started the heavy body on the door to moving. Well, I have heard the artillery of Jackson in the Valley; I heard the roar of the guns at Gettysburg; I have heard the heavenly thunders of the Rocky Mountains; but I say to you, all these sounds combined were but pop-gun reports when compared to the noise those barrels made above our heads rolling over the casemate floor; and yet, strange as it may be, the noise did not disturb the slumbers of a whole company of the 157th New York Volunteers, asleep in the very next casemate. After waiting for a time, to hear if the noise alarmed the sentinels about the fort, we began to ask each other, "Shall we go back or go on?" (We could not see each

other's faces in the darkness, yet I feel confident they would have been a study for an artist's pencil.) The question was put to vote — majority said, "Let's go on." Hearing no one moving above, we pushed up the trapdoor and began the ascent to the casemate above. Lieut. W. H. Chew, of Georgia, being the smallest man in our party, we raised him upon our shoulders to the floor. He, with the help of our rope, made of old pieces of clothing, blankets, and such material as we could from time to time get, pulled us up one by one. When we had all reached the casemate we had no trouble in getting out of the casemate window. Groping about the casemate in the darkness, we found an old army blanket. This, cut into strips, materially strengthened our rope. All being ready, we threw out our rope and began our exit from the fort porthole. I was delegated to remain and get rid of the rope. While the others were going down the rope I found an open barrel of brown sugar, ate bounti-

fully of it, and filled my coat and pants pockets. I forgot, in my hungry greediness, that I would be compelled to swim through the waters of the moat to reach the bank. When Gillispie, the last man to leave the fort before me, slid down the rope into the water he made as much noise as a whale, and I believe now he was then doing his best to attract the attention of the sentinel. I saw him finally go over the moat bank. I then followed down the rope, landed safely in the water, and had reached the moat bank when, just as I started to climb up the bank, the midnight relief came in sight. I was compelled to roll back into the water and remain until the guard passed on. After getting over the bank into the swamp I found the boys awaiting my coming. But I want to relate that the moat water dissolved all my sugar and left me in a sticky condition. I had tugged at the rope, but could not get it to budge, so left it hanging out of the casemate window. As the night was dark and

rainy the guards did not see it as they passed.

Now that we were in the swamp, free from the prison, the problem presented itself, how to get a boat to leave the island. Then came the question, who should go forward and overpower the sentinel over the boats at the wharf, where they were kept moored, constantly guarded. Lieutenant Chew suggested that we draw cattails. This was adopted. Chew held the cuts, and the choice fell on Gillispie. He at once objected to going, on the ground that a smaller man could get through the swamp better than he. Not having time to discuss the philosophy of his objection, Prewitt said, "Come on, Murray. You and I will go ahead." Off we started, Prewitt in the lead, I next, and Captain Kent, of Georgia, close behind me, with Captain Griffin, Chew, and others following in our wake, some fifty feet behind, so as not to attract the sentinel. We came in sight of the wharf; against the horizon



MAJOR W. E. STEWART
15th Arkansas

we could see the sentinel walking his beat. We stopped to arrange a plan of attack upon him. Prewitt was to move down on the right of the boats, I on the left, and Kent, direct from the point we halted. We started; everything was going nicely, and in a very few minutes we would have had the sentinel, and the boats would have been ours. We were slowly getting nearer and nearer to the bridge upon which the sentinel walked, which was built upon piles about two feet above the water. Just as we were ready for the final move, out on the night air rang the voice of Gillispie, howling, " don't shoot! don't shoot!" This, of course, alarmed the sentinel on the bridge; he fired his gun and called lustily for the sergeant of the guard; the fort was alarmed, the guards turned out, and our liberty was gone. In a few moments more we would have been sailing across the mouth of the Savannah River, free men, had not Gillispie howled out like a wolf.

Prewitt and myself pulled ourselves

under the bridge, and Kent was taken in by the guard, who came flocking to the relief of the sentinel at the boat wharf. All were captured but Prewitt and myself. We remained in the water under the bridge, and were not recaptured until daylight. The whole garrison of the fort was under arms; there was no possible way for us now to escape.

While we laid under the bridge we could hear the sentinel telling the sergeant, "Why, I could have killed those fellows. I saw one on my right and one on my left, in the swamp, but thought they were alligators." Poor old fellow, whoever you were, on guard that night, walking your beat, you did not dream that there were three Rebels creeping towards you, determined on your capture. They were determined upon gaining their liberty. You stood between them and home.

When we were taken into the fort this man Gillispie took the oath of allegiance. Chew, Griffin, Kent, Dunlap,

Prewitt, and myself were put in a dark cell; no dry clothing given us, and no fire allowed us, nor would Captain Sexton, the provost-marshal, allow us to have fire to dry our wet clothing.

Why Gillispie betrayed us has always been a mystery to me. He worked just as hard as any one of our party to cut the tunnel through the walls, and ate his corn meal and pickle with us. I can only account for his conduct on the ground that when it came to killing the sentinel over the boats he thought, if the escape failed, we would all be shot; and this broke his nerve and made him shout as he did. Afterward, shame of his conduct made him take the oath, that he would not be put in the cell with us. I never liked Gillispie. He was at heart a coward. I heard Lieut. Hugh Dunlap, of Tennessee, one of the most generous and kind men of our party, in a very gentle manner correct some statement Gillispie made about the Western army. Gillispie persisted in his statement. Lieu-

tenant Dunlap arose from my bunk, where he was sitting, walked over to the fellow, shook his fist in his face, and said, "Gillispie, you are a liar, and you knowingly utter your slander." Gillispie dare not resent this, and I never liked him after the incident. Some years ago I heard Gillispie was alive and lived in Texas. If he be dead or alive I do not care; in his going or coming I have no concern. I do know he betrayed us and increased our sufferings. If he can hide his treachery from the world, he can not hide it from his God. His sin will find him out.

We were recaptured March 1, 1865, and we remained in the dark cell, without fire or dry clothing, until the 4th day of March, when we were started on our way back to Fort Delaware.

While we were confined in the dark cell we had a good deal of fun with Captain Sexton, the provost-marshal. He had a lot of balls with chains brought up to the cell door, rattling them around, and

saying in a loud tone of voice, "I guess these will keep those Rebels from cutting walls. Sentinel, if you hear the least movement on the part of those fellows to break out of that cell, shoot them, and shoot to kill." He would come into our cell three and four times during the days we were confined, and volunteer the information that our case had been telegraphed to Washington city for advice; that in a few days we would all be tried and shot for destroying government property. He was always full of just such stuff as this. We would poke fun at him, telling him to hurry up the shooting. The day before we were put on the steamer to be sent back to Fort Delaware this man Sexton came into our cell and offered, if we would tell him who cut the walls first, who organized the party and plan to escape, he would let us go back into the regular prison and give us dry clothing. We told him if he would go and bring us in a good drink of whisky for each man, as we would not try the

same plan again, we would tell him all about it. To our surprise, he brought in the whisky. We told him all about the scheme and plan, but he did not give us the dry clothing nor put us back in the regular prison. The irons that had been put on Prewitt and myself were taken off our hands and legs.

Early on the morning of March 4, 1865, Captain Sexton, with a guard, came to our cell, opened the door, and ordered us to fall into line. We marched down to the fort wharf, where we found the small steamer "Ashland" with the other prisoners (our comrades) on board. We were placed in the forward part of the ship's deck, and I heard Sexton tell the captain of the guard, "I hardly think it necessary to iron these fellows. They won't jump overboard, but they need close watching." Late in the afternoon, on March 4th, we steamed away from Fort Pulaski for Hilton Head, S. C. After some delay and protest by the officers of the guard (157th New York Volun-

teers) to going to sea in such a small steamer as the "Ashland," overcrowded, we were transferred to the large ocean steamer "Illinois," and put out to sea. "Grape" was rife amongst the prisoners. The Yankees said we were to be exchanged at Fortress Monroe, and sent from there up the river to Richmond. I do not think our fellows took any stock in the "grape" of exchange. Most of them were in such physical condition that they did not care what became of them.

On the sail back to Fort Delaware the officers and men of the 157th New York Volunteers gave us all the liberty of the ship we wanted; allowed us on deck, and to have staterooms if we could pay for them; and gave us good rations. They were soldiers, not brutes like Stanton and Foster. These men had been in the field. After a sail of several days we anchored in the harbor of Norfolk. Here Captains Leon Jestremeska, of Louisiana, and Du Preist, of Virginia, made their escape, account of which will be found

in this work. While we lay in the James River the Norfolk people learned of it. They flocked down on the wharf, waving handkerchiefs and cheering us. While we were in Norfolk Harbor one of the officers of the 157th New York Volunteers told us we would not be exchanged. "Just what is to be done with you I do not know," he said, "but I do not think you will be exchanged. You may all be placed in the hospital."

Later on, another one of the 157th New York officers said, positively, we were to be exchanged and would be home in a day or two. Believing this story to be true, I really did not think it worth while to escape from the boat, and Prewitt and myself abandoned a plan we had made to leave the ship.

After laying in the harbor for some time, our ship steamed out to sea. Nobody was allowed on deck; all must go below and stay there. This order was strictly enforced by the guard until we were well out at sea.

It soon became the general belief amongst the prisoners that we were going back to corn meal and pickle retaliation on Morris Island. Lieutenant Maury, one of our number, an old naval officer and familiar with the ocean, gave it as his opinion, from what he could see of the stars, that the ship was steaming south. This helped to confirm our belief that we were not done with the retaliation measures of Stanton. The anxiety and suspense became so intense amongst the prisoners that Col. Van Manning called the captain in charge of our guard and asked him to tell him candidly where we were going. The captain said very frankly that General Lee had begun an attack on Fort Steadman, in General Grant's front, the morning of our arrival at Fortress Monroe, and he (the captain of the guard) had orders to deliver us at Fort Delaware; that no more exchange of prisoners would be made.

It was the most dejected and broken

lot of men on earth when this news came to us, yet we said one to the other, "Fort Delaware is far better than Fort Pulaski and its corn-meal-and-pickle ration." At night we pulled out of Norfolk Harbor; on the morning of the following day we were landed on the wharf of Fort Delaware, and turned again into the old prison pen from which we had been taken eight months before. On the voyage from Fortress Monroe to Fort Delaware two of our number died and were buried in the ocean,— dumped overboard, their bodies sewed in canvas bags. These poor fellows could have been kept until we landed, as we were but an hour or two's sail from Fort Delaware.

We had not been in our old quarters one moment before we were compelled to relate to our comrades the story of our hardships and the inhuman cruelty inflicted upon us at Morris Island and the other points of our imprisonment. Our comrades at Fort Delaware had greatly increased in numbers during our absence;

they all seemed to be in good health, and had good clothes, which made the contrast between our haggard, ragged, emaciated crowd very perceptible. Our comrades brought out their stores of provisions and extra clothing, giving us freely all they could spare. What a grand chance the United States Sanitary Commission missed in not having a photograph made of the survivors of Secretary Stanton's brutality. What a grand contrast our photo would have made with those photos alleged to have been made at Andersonville and other Southern prisons after the surrender. It is a pity, indeed, those loyal souls who were ever anxious to stir the northern heart did not have taken, for distribution in the North, our photos. Our condition would have brought the blush of shame to every northern cheek, and made even Edwin M. Stanton turn pale at the sight of the victims of his brutality. We enjoyed the limited freedom of Fort Delaware. We were away from Colonel Hallowell and

his nigger guards; free now from their insolence. The prison life at Fort Delaware was broken in numerous ways by the diversity of the "law schools," "medical schools," and "divinity schools." Lieut. George W. Finley, now the reverend and eloquent D. D. of the Presbyterian Church of Virginia, began his study for the ministry in the prison of Fort Delaware, under Rev. Dr. Handy.

There were in our prison gamblers, barbers, tailors, laundrymen, workers in rubber, and a minstrel troop, which gave performances in the mess hall of the prison when the commandant gave the permission. The proceeds from these shows went to relieve our sick comrades in the prison hospital. Sutler's checks was the currency of the prison, and these checks were taken at the mess house door for admission to the show. General Schoepf and his staff often attended these shows. Peter B. Aker as the tambourine, and J. Ogden Murray as bones, were the

star performers of the show, with Capt. Ed. Chambers as the manager.

Now spring had come and the fatal 9th day of April had brought to us the news of the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee, at Appomattox. President Lincoln was assassinated. The end had come, and we were men without a country — soldiers without a flag. We were broken indeed. Some days after General Lee's surrender the authorities at Washington ordered General Schoepf to ascertain how many of the prisoners at Fort Delaware prison would take the oath of allegiance to the United States government. On first roll call about seven hundred of the fifteen hundred officers — prisoners of war — gave their assent to " swallow the yaller dorg " as we called taking the oath. We who refused to take the oath held an indignation meeting, protesting against the insult offered us by asking us to take the oath. Col. Van Manning, Maj. P. J. Otey, Colonel Fellows, and others spoke at this meeting

against our comrades taking the oath, but it did no good in stemming the desire of our men to get home. They were worn out by prison cruelty, and General Lee had no army. The men pined for home and liberty. In a few days the roll was again called. At this call but two hundred of us were left who refused to take the oath, and at the third call there were but three of us left, out of the whole number, who declined to take the oath upon any condition. Shortly after these roll calls Gen. Joseph E. Johnston surrendered his army. The Confederacy had now but Gen. Dick Taylor's army in the field, and he at last surrendered. About July 25, 1865, most of the prisoners except the three who declined to take the oath, and the field officer prisoners, were released and sent to their homes in the different States of the South. Finally all were released and sent home.

We left sleeping in death at Fort Delaware some grand men,— murdered by the cruelty of prison life. Those who

lived through the ordeal returned to their homes to find them in ruins. Desolation had spread its black wings over our beloved South. The blue uniform of the Yankee soldier was to be seen everywhere. Yet, at the sight of all this ruin and desolation, the men who followed Lee did not falter. They went to work to rebuild, upon the ruins of the old, new homes. They soon convinced the world that they were as good builders as they were fighters. The same old courage, obedience, and fortitude that made them the ideal soldiers of the world came to their aid. From the wreck and the ruin of war was built the Southland of today; and built upon the only capital the Confederate soldier had after the war was done — his honor and courage. Indeed was our land the land described by the poet priest of the South in his beautiful poem:

Yes, give me the land that the battle's red
blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past;

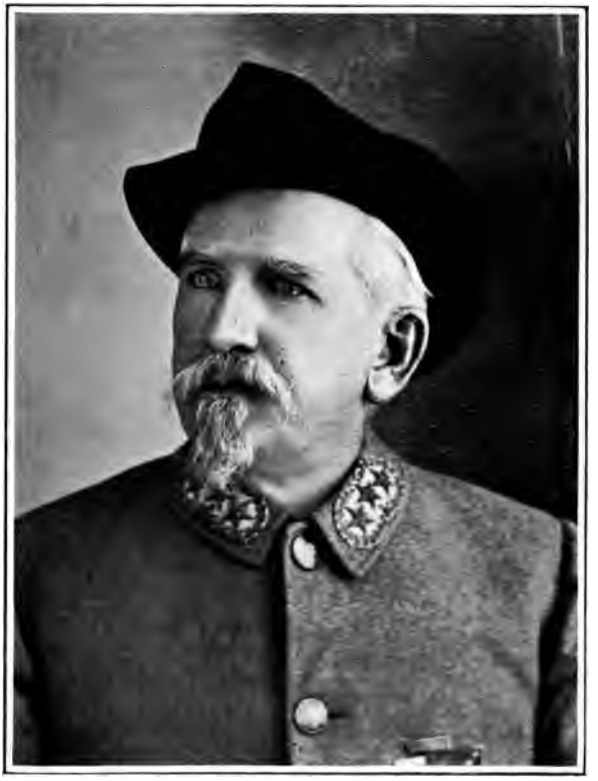
Yes, give me the land that hath legend and lay
That tells of the memories of long vanished days;

Yes, give me the land that hath story and song,
Enshrining the strife of the right with the wrong.
Yes, give me the land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot,

And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown
Will yet be the footstool in liberty's throne.

Morristown, Tenn., April 25, 1898.

My Dear Old Murray:—Your letter came to me safely, am delighted to hear from you again, and pleased beyond measure that you are getting ready to put in print the story of the Immortal Six Hundred. I can not, in my condition, help you much with the work. You know all the details of the trip much better than I. As you say, the story can only be told from a personal experience of that which came under your observation. Write, Ogden, as you know it. If the story is not full in all details it will convey to the world an idea



CAPTAIN W. D. BALLANTINE
5th Florida



of the wanton cruelty inflicted upon us in that stockade pen on Morris Island, while under the fire of our own guns, and while we were on those starvation rations following our removal from Morris Island to Fort Pulaski and Hilton Head. I will aid you all I can.

How I would love to see you, dear old Murray. You were always bright, never faltering, never bemoaning that the fates had cast us into that hell on earth. As I write I am wondering if time has made much change in you. Have the fates dealt out to you much sorrow, or given you much pleasure? You deserve well of the fates, and the love of your comrades of the Six Hundred. Generous, dear old fellow, come and see me here on the old farm (I call it the Rabbit Patch); come, that we may once more meet, that I can shake your hand and tell you my love for you has not grown less.

I can see you, dear old fellow, sitting on that stage in the mess hall at Fort Delaware. I can hear your voice as you sing "The Little Groceryman"; I see you dancing and singing "Old Bob Ridley," to help your sick comrades in the prison hospital.

My physical condition is not much, but my heart is as true, and my love as intense as ever for each one of that dear old Six

Hundred who kept the faith unto the end, as they did in those days of corn meal and pickle rations. We can never forget the dog meat, the cat and rat meat — the luxury of our starving men. Print, in large black letters, the names of those fellows who took the oath. They made this roll of dishonor themselves; they elected to wear the badge of dishonor; why should we shield them now?

Your letters are always welcome. They bring me sunshine. I have written my brother, Maj. Albert Akers, who lives in Washington city, to hunt you up and meet you when he goes to Winchester. God bless you and bless yours. May He, in His mercy, permit us to meet once more on this side of the picket line of life.

Affectionately your comrade,

P. B. AKERS.

CHAPTER FOUR.

Hilton Head Prison.

ON the 27th day of October, 1864, when we had been but a few days at Fort Pulaski prison, Gen. J. G. Foster, commanding Department of the South, headquarters at Hilton Head, S. C., sent an order to send him two hundred of the prisoners of war confined at Fort Pulaski, Ga., this being necessary, said the surgeon's report of the fort, to preserve our health and better our condition.

On the afternoon of October 21, 1864, two hundred and twenty of the six hundred were picked out of the number at Fort Pulaski, put on board of the steamer "Cannonicus," under guard of the 144th New York Volunteers, and sailed away to be the special guests of Gen. J. G. Foster, U. S. A., commanding Department of the South. We were his guests for torture. He was the modern Nero, we his victims. We reached Hilton Head on Saturday afternoon and remained on the steamer until Sunday morning, when we were unloaded on the wharf, at Hilton Head, and marched under guard to a camp a mile in rear of Hilton Head village. The same

old A-tents we used on Morris Island had been put up for our shelter. The first night in camp was very uncomfortable. The air was cold and crisp, we were not allowed fire, many of us were without blankets and had very light clothing, our beds was the bare sand, our discomforts more than tongue can tell. Monday morning came clear and cold. To keep ourselves warm we ran and jumped about inside of the dead line. We made no complaints. It was useless to complain to Nero Foster. With stolid indifference we took whatever came. We remained one week in this camp, suffering from cold and hunger. At the end of the week we were removed from the canvas city into a large log building in the town of Hilton Head. This log house was built and used by the United States government as a military prison for the Department of the South, to confine the white and negro Yankee deserters, oath-takers, murderers, thieves, and all the camp-following villains of the United States army.

The rations for the first week of our sojourn at Hilton Head were first class. But after that week it was followed by the delicious, the palatable, and strength destroying ration of ten ounces of rotten corn meal and one-half pint of cucumber and onion pickle,

without salt or grease of any kind — all we got was rotten corn meal and pickle. It now began to dawn upon our minds that we were, sure enough, General Foster's victims. After ten days on the corn meal diet, our condition was horrible. Col. Van Manning made a personal protest, against this cruelty and rations, to Colonel Gurney, the provost-marshal in charge of our prison, and made a written protest to General Foster; but the ration of corn meal was not changed, nor the cruelty of Foster in the least abated. If the Confederate government had been feeding prisoners of war in their prisons a corn meal and pickle diet there would have been no complaint from us. We knew our government was feeding Federal prisoners better rations than corn meal and acid pickle. We knew all prisoners of war in Confederate prisons were getting the same ration as the Confederate soldiers in the field received. It is a great pity that those artists of the North, who from their fertile brains created the pictures of the woe and suffering of the Yankee prisoners of war in the prisons of the South, let our Hilton Head prison escape their lurid pencils. What grand subjects of suffering they could have drawn from our condition in that prison. Yea, they would have found much to depict to their

readers in the North, and much, indeed, to make them hide their heads in shame at the slanders they wrote against the South and our people. To misstate the facts, to slander the South, and villify President Davis, seemed to be, during the war of 1861-65, the only mission of the Yankee artist. It fired the Northern heart; it brought new recruits to the army of coercion. Those correspondents and artists did their work well. It was cruel work, but it brought them the blood money. What cared they for the truth? It would not pay them to tell it.

It was a brutal mind that conceived the corn meal and pickle diet. It was the brutal hand of Foster that executed it upon helpless prisoners of war. On this diet of corn meal, with no meat or vegetables, scurvy soon came to add to our suffering, and acute dysentery was prevalent among our men. It took stout hearts to bear the burden put upon us. Many of our number physically gave way under the cruelty, but, in spite of it all, our men bore it with dignity and courage.

We expected no favors — we asked none — of a government so cruel as was the United States government in 1861-65. The pangs of starvation became terrible; hunger drove our men to catching and eating dogs, cats,

and rats. It was dainty food to starving men.

When history records the true story of the great conflict of 1861-65, I wonder what the verdict of those who will read of the wanton cruelty of the United States government — inflicted upon its prisoners of war — will be. It was cowardly, it was cruel, it was brutal, and unjust before God and man. The official records show that Gen. J. G. Foster, U. S. A., commanding Department of the South, was the executioner for Secretary Stanton's cruel orders of retaliation, and these same records do not, and dare not, publish the corn-meal ration order. During those days of our torture a petition from the citizens of Indiana was presented in the United States Congress, by Senator Lane, asking the United States government to retaliate upon all Confederate prisoners of war in the Federal prisons of the North; for the reason, the petition set forth, that the Confederate government was inhumanely treating Federal prisoners of war confined in Southern prisons. This whole petition recited a bold, broad lie; a mean, deliberate, malicious slander on the brave people and government of the South. It was then a well known fact, and at this day proven beyond question, that the Confederate government was willing and anxious to exchange

prisoners of war, but the powers at Washington, and General U. S. Grant, refused to make exchange, and rejected all offers for exchange made to them by the Confederate authorities. In fact, the United States authorities even refused to send transports and get their sick and wounded men — prisoners of war — that our government offered them at any time they would send transports. It further can be said, without fear of contradiction, that, at the time this petition for retaliation was before the United States Senate, President Lincoln and all his officials had full knowledge that the Confederate government was feeding to its prisoners of war the same rations the Confederate soldier received in the field. What more could our government do? What more could be demanded of them?

The late Senator Sumner offered a substitute for the Lane resolution of retaliation, which can be found in the United States Senate Reports, 1864-65. It reads:

"*Be it resolved,* That the treatment of "our officers and soldiers in Rebel prisons is "cruel, savage, and heartrending beyond all "precedent; that it is shocking to morals; that "it is an offence against human nature itself; "that it adds new guilt to the great crime of "rebellion, and constitutes an example from

"which history will turn with sorrow and "disgust.

"*Resolved,* That any attempted imitation "of Rebel barbarism in the treatment of pris- "oners of war would be plainly impracticable "on account of its inconsistency with the "prevailing sentiment of humanity amongst "us; that it would be injurious at home, for "it would barbarize the whole community; "that it would be utterly useless, for it would "not affect the cruel authors of the revolting "conduct which we are asked to overcome; "that it would be immoral, because it would "proceed from vengeance alone; that it could "have no other result than to degrade the "national character and the national name, "and to bring down upon our country the "reprobation of history. And being thus im- "practicable, useless, immoral, and degrading, "it must be rejected as a measure of retalia- "tion, precisely as the barbarism of roasting "and eating prisoners of war is always ob- "jected to by civilized powers.

"*Resolved,* That the United States, filled "with deepest grief and sorrow for her "cherished citizens who, as officers and sol- "diers, have become the victims of heaven- "defying outragers, hereby declare their "solemn determination to put an end to re-

"bellion, of which it is natural fruit; that to "secure this end they pledge anew the best "energies and all the resources of the whole "people, and they call upon all to bear wit- "ness that they renounce all vengeance and "every evil example, and plant themselves on "the sacred landmarks of Christian civiliza- "tion under that God who is ever present "with every prisoner, and enables heroic souls "to suffer for their country."

Of all the hyprocritical utterances, this is the worst. Certainly Mr. Senator Sumner knew that at the very moment he was denouncing retaliation against the Confederate government, his own government was torturing, by starvation and wanton cruelty, at Hilton Head, S. C., and at Fort Pulaski, Ga., six hundred Confederate officers, prisoners of war.

The laws of all nations say that prisoners of war shall, and must, be treated fairly and humanely, and with strict justice. No earthly power can change this. It is the law of God, and the human power that violates this law is guilty of murder.

No excuse can be given by the apologists for Mr. Stanton, who ordered the inhuman treatment inflicted upon the Immortal Six Hundred Confederate prisoners of war

on Morris Island, at Fort Pulaski, and Hilton Head. The law of God was defied; the law of nations violated. History will judge the officials guilty of the crime, and the Confederate prisoners of war, murdered by the cruelty of Stanton and Foster, will be the witnesses before the bar of God to condemn them. From the verdict of heaven there can be no appeal.

The following order was posted in our prison:

PROVOST-MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
Hilton Head, S. C., February 7, 1865.

General:—The major-general commanding the Department of the South directs me to inform you that the rations of the prisoners of war held in your department for retaliation (here was interlined some hieroglyphics) have been increased by four ounces of meat per diem and the addition of four ounces of potatoes. You will please give the necessary instruction to the officer in charge of the Rebel prisoners here, and in custody at Fort Pulaski, Ga. I am very respectfully

Your obedient servant,
WM. GURNEY,
Provost-Marshal-General,
Lieut.-Col. 127th N. Y. Vols.

This order brought joy to our hearts. We were starving. Four ounces of meat and four ounces of potatoes to be added to our corn meal diet! It would save us from death. We had been reduced by the corn meal until a majority of our number had a very slim hold on life. It gave us all new hope, in fact, a new lease on life. During all our bad treatment I never heard one of the six hundred who remained true to the end utter one complaint against the Richmond government. We all knew it was doing its best to make the Yankees treat us fairly and humanely.

After our arrival at Hilton Head, as I stated before, our camp was near that of the 144th New York Volunteers (our guard). We were hardly located before Captains Tom Perkins and Campbell, with Colonel Folk, of North Carolina, and Lieutenants Killmartin, Brinkly, and John Casson organized a party and began digging a tunnel in their tent to enable them to get outside of the guard line and escape. They worked day and night on the tunnel, and in two days they would have completed it; but the camp was moved into the barracks at Hilton Head, and their efforts came to naught.

Capt. Tom Perkins was one of the most daring brave men I ever knew. He would

take the most desperate chance to get away of any man in the prison. He was the most determined of men, yet to his comrades he was as gentle as a woman. He was a man positively without fear, and the men associated with him in his plans to escape were just as brave as himself. After a few days in the log barracks, Perkins and a party set about planning to escape. With nothing but pen knives for tools these men succeeded in cutting through two of the thick logs that formed the floor of their cell. They finished their work, but concluded not to leave the prison until about the middle of November. On the night of November 20th, just after the clock at the provost-marshal's office struck ten, Colonel Folk, of North Carolina; Capt. Tom Perkins, and Lieutenant Killmartin left their cell and safely passed the guard line of the prison. At midnight Captain Campbell, Lieutenant Casson, and Lieutenant Brinkly followed. After passing the guard line in safety, they came to the high fence surrounding the prison barracks, and all passed over the fence safely and began to flatter themselves they had now reached safety, ending all trouble. But they soon found their trouble had just begun. Right in the rear of our prison was a large workshop in which convict prisoners of the United

States Army were made to work. Our men went into this shop and out the back door, when they found themselves confronted with a second high board fence, and upon this fence was a parapet on which the sentinels on guard over the prison workshop walked. They eluded the guards, and had gotten safely over this fence and found themselves in a large field, when, to their surprise and consternation, they discovered they had taken the wrong direction, and, before they were aware of it, they stumbled upon a sentinel. This compelled them to make a hasty retreat, which threw them further out of their course, and they landed in a large swamp, waist deep, in which they floundered some time before they found solid ground, and this they did by crawling on their hands and knees. They finally found themselves near Mitchellville, a negro settlement, a growth of the Yankees harboring runaway niggers. Covered as they were with mud, they passed boldly through this village, the negroes not being able to tell if our men wore the blue or gray. They made no stop in the village. Passing through the village safely, they turned, as they thought, towards the south. Daylight now began to approach and they looked about for a hiding place. They found one in a clump of large bushes

about one mile from the negro settlement. In this clump of bushes they remained all day without food or water, compelled to lie close to the ground to keep themselves from being seen by the soldiers and negroes constantly passing on the road which was within fifty feet of their hiding place. Had the negroes discovered them, not one man would have been left alive, so bitter was the hatred of the runaway niggers for the " Rebs." After the painful hours of the day had passed into night with her black robe thrown over the world, they started out in the dark to hunt the right road south. They had gone from their hiding place but a mile or two when they came onto a negro cabin. Being almost famished for water, they concluded to stop and ask for water. One of the party started for the cabin, but before he reached the door a negro woman came out with a bucket in her hand, leaving the door open behind her. In the light they saw a negro cavalry sergeant in the room. They at once retreated back into the road. They had not gone a mile from this cabin when they found they were on the outskirts of a village, which proved to be Mitchellville. Again they retreated a mile or so back. Now hunger and thirst began to tell upon them, and they were compelled to stop for rest.

They were completely broken down. They hid in some bushes and all fell asleep from exhaustion. When they awoke they were chilled, numbed, and in great pain, which made it difficult for them to walk. They, however, again took up the line of march, as they thought, to the south. They staggered on for some time, when they came in sight of a large building, which they concluded would afford them shelter, but, hearing the sentinel on picket calling "halt," they retreated back into the road, and laid down for a moment or two. Daylight was breaking, and they must again seek shelter. They saw in the distance a small clump of trees, and they made for it. From this shelter they could see soldiers and negroes passing up and down the road. Now a new trouble presented itself to them. Their wet clothing became heavy and uncomfortable. Hunger and thirst was wearing them out, and they dare not go out from their hiding, in daylight, to seek food. In looking into the haversack they found about a spoonful of wet corn meal for each man, and this was divided amongst them. When night came the boys again began their march. Captain Campbell, who was a scout of note, took up a position on the road, that he might ascertain by the travel in which direction the town lay. They



CAPTAIN LOUIS HARMAN
12th Virginia Cavalry

had all gotten together and were about to start, when two cavalrymen galloped into sight. They laid down in the ditch alongside of the road. After these horsemen passed the boys fell in behind them, trusting to fate to discover to them the outer picket post towards Charleston. After a long tramp they discovered they were going in the wrong direction, and were compelled to seek shelter in a swamp to keep from being picked up by a company of infantry coming towards them. After consultation in the swamp it was concluded best to await the coming of some lone person on the road, and go boldly out to him and ask for information. Again the morning light was coming, and they must seek shelter. They were too weak to walk far, so they just laid down in the swamp grass and soon fell asleep, and did not awake until late next day, when they found their limbs so swollen and numb they could hardly walk, and then only with great pain. Yet they had no idea of going back to prison. From their place of hiding in the swamp they saw a clump of timber. This they safely reached and in its shelter remained the day and night. Next morning, after they had reached the timber, Lieut. Hugh Brinkly was discovered by some negro wood choppers, who informed the white

soldiers of the presence of a white man in the woods, dodging about amongst the trees. A large body of troops was thrown around the timber, from which escape was impossible, and our boys, broken down, weak, hungry, and thirsty, were recaptured and brought back to prison,— the human torture house. While our boys were in custody of the 144th New York Volunteers, who had captured them and treated them kindly, a Confederate deserter came up to ask about the capture. He was dressed in citizens' clothes. After looking at our boys for some moments this scoundrel pulled a pistol out of his belt and, pointing it at Captain Campbell's head, deliberately pulled the trigger, and would have killed Campbell but for the timely aid of one of the 144th New York, who knocked the pistol out of the fellow's hand. This fellow was acting as spy for the Western Yankee army, and had recognized Captain Campbell as one of the Wheeler scouts.

After a march of a few miles our men were turned over to the provost-marshal and put back into close confinement in the barracks for a few days, when they were again released to the general prison.

After a few days of rest the same party, with the addition of Captains Kitchen, of

North Carolina; Dupreist, Lieutenants Akers, Oliver, and Sergeant Denham began another plan of escape. After the organization had been arranged, as a matter of prudence they concluded to start out a scout, let him get proper locations, and then return to the prison to report. Then the whole party should leave. This being arranged, one evening just after the five o'clock roll call of the prison was made, Captain Campbell, arrayed in the uniform of a Yankee lieutenant, with Captain Perkins and Sergeant Denham in the uniform of privates (how they procured them no one has ever known), walked boldly out of the prison, passed the sentinel, and reached the outer guard about the prison before being halted. When the sentinel at the outer gate halted them Captain Campbell said, "I am Lieutenant Thomas, 22d New York Volunteers. My men and myself got inside of your post line looking for the well." The guard saluted Campbell and they passed out the gate. While getting the proper direction our boys stumbled on some Yankee soldiers cooking supper. Captain Campbell saluted them, asked several questions, said good night, and started with his two comrades down the road. Now that this danger was past another problem presented itself: how to pass the provost-mar-

shal's office guard, and officers that would most likely be sitting on the porch at the office. The boys put on a bold front, walked slowly down the road past the office, saluted the guard and a group of officers sitting on the porch, they thinking Campbell was what his uniform made him look — a Yankee officer of the newly arrived troops from the East. The boys went into the town of Hilton Head, mixed with the troops, talked with the officers, learning all they could that would help them on their final trip. In the distance our men saw some old breastworks and told the officer who had pointed them out that they would run over and take a look at them. Saying good evening, they started for the breastworks; but before reaching them darkness overtook them, and before they knew it they walked into a lake of water. In their struggle to reach the shore they attracted the attention of the sentinel on duty, who challenged them and demanded one should advance and give the countersign or he would shoot. Captain Campbell told the sentinel to call the sergeant of the guard. The sentinel obeyed, and in a few moments the sergeant came up with a lantern. Seeing Captain Campbell in the uniform of a Yankee lieutenant, he saluted him and asked what was the

matter. Campbell told the sergeant a story about his men wanting to look over the old breastworks and he gratified them by coming with them; but in the darkness they lost their way and walked into the lake. The sergeant listened attentively to Campbell's story, was convinced he was all right, piloted Campbell and his companions over the lake shore without going past the reserve guard. Before leaving prison Campbell had prepared himself and comrades a pass. This he showed the sergeant, who grew very polite and insisted in putting the boys on the right road to camp. After the sergeant left our boys they pushed up the road and soon found themselves in Seabrook; and all this due to the polite sergeant, who never suspected he was aiding Rebel prisoners of war to escape. While on their way to Seabrook they heard before them the gallop of horses, and hardly had time to conceal themselves before two cavalrymen dashed past, evidently couriers from Seabrook. After a consultation by our boys as to the next move to make, they concluded to try and capture some old darky to guide them into and about Seabrook, so they could locate the boats and sentinel over them. They had not gone down the road very far when it seemed like Providence sent them the very man they were look-

ing for in the person of a very gullible old darkey, credulous, like all his race. Campbell stopped him and introduced himself as Lieutenant Thomas, 22d New York Volunteers, the newly arrived regiment from the East. He then told the old darkey that if he could get them a good boat or show him (the Lieutenant) where a boat could be obtained in Seabrook, they would take him to Pinkney Island, where they had buried a lot of fine whisky, part of which the darkey was to have for his trouble in getting the boat and helping to get the whisky over to the mainland. They told the old nigger he could sell his share of the whisky to the soldiers for five dollars per bottle. They impressed the old nigger with the necessity of silence, as the whisky had been smuggled from New York, and if the matter got to the ears of the General, they would all be shot and the nigger with them. He took in the story, and swore to be silent and true, get the boat and pilot the Lieutenant and his men over to the island and never say "nuffin to nobody, and git the boat hisself without any white man knowing 'bout it."

Capt. Tom Perkins went into Seabrook with the old darkey, who showed him the wharf where the boats were moored, and pointed out the sentinel over them. He also

showed Perkins how he (the darkey) could slip under the bridge without the sentinel seeing him. After Perkins had gotten all the information he wanted out of the old nigger they returned to the point where they had left the lieutenant and man. Here our boys parted from their guide, with a solemn promise to meet them the next night at midnight at a point near Seabrook and then go for the whisky. The old nigger put them on the road to Hilton Head and went to his home in Seabrook to dream of the good whisky he was to get and sell the "Lincum sogers."

On the way down the road Capt. Tom Perkins collapsed. The corn meal and pickle diet had broken him up. From the time the boys left prison they had walked over twenty miles. After a rest of an hour or so Perkins revived, and our fellows started back to prison to communicate the information gained to their comrades. They got as near the prison as they could before daylight without discovery. They then hid until good daylight, then walked boldly into the Yankee guards' barracks, next to our prison, and from there passed over into the prison without being discovered. They had wonderful stories to tell us on their return to prison. They had been out of the barracks for over thirteen hours —

never missed even by the sergeant who called the prison roll. But later in the day some spy in the prison communicated the story of the boys to the provost-marshal. He was dumbfounded as to how our boys got hold of the uniforms; it was real funny to see the agitation of the provost-marshal-general when he found he had been outwitted by the cunning of the "Reb."

On January 20, 1865, Col. Van Manning received positive information from one of the guards that Lieut. J. W. Davis, 20th Va. Cav., was going to take the oath of allegiance and had made application to take it and be released. A meeting of prisoners was called to meet in Capt. Tom Perkins's cell, and a committee appointed to wait on Lieutenant Davis and invite him to come before the prisoners and refute, if he could, the charge Colonel Manning had made. Davis promptly accepted the committee's invitation, came before the prisoners, and solemnly declared on honor that he had made no application to take the oath, and had never had such idea. When Colonel Manning read a copy of the application to him he broke down, admitted the truth, and became very defiant. Colonel Manning suggested to the meeting that, as Lieutenant Davis had premeditatedly intended

to dishonor his uniform of the Confederate States Army and insult by such act his brother officers, prisoners of war, that the bars and buttons be cut from his coat, and his coat turned inside out, and that he be ostracized by his fellow prisoners. This suggestion was quickly carried out by Tom Perkins and Pete Akers. Colonel Manning suggested to Davis that he get the provost-marshal to remove him from the prison at once, as the prisoners were not in good temper to tolerate or overlook his insult to them by taking the oath. Like a whipped cur Davis ran and put himself under care of the guard, who soon had the fellow out of our prison.

The following day, after Davis had been removed from the prison, Colonel Manning, Capt. Tom Perkins, Captain Kitchen, of North Carolina; Captain Campbell, Lieutenants P. B. Akers and John Casson, the committee that called the meeting and disgraced Davis, were taken from our barracks and locked up in a cell in the Yankee convict prison, where criminals of all sorts were confined,— men who had broken the laws of God and man. These refined gentlemen, Confederate officers, prisoners of war, were locked up with criminals without the least investigation, by the provost-marshal, of the charges Davis made against

them. These gentlemen were all put in one cell, not over three feet wide and six feet long, and there they were kept, in this cramped condition, for seven days and nights. From five o'clock in the afternoon until ten o'clock in the morning their cell door was closed and not allowed to be opened except by order of the provost-marshal. In this cell all the men could not lay down at once, comfortably, but by tight squeezing they could lay spoon fashion. In this cell was put each night a foul-smelling tub for sink purposes, and there it remained from five o'clock each evening until ten o'clock next morning before it was taken out. The cell floor was made of heavy pine logs, smoothed with the axe, from which the rough knots were not cut very close. They had no blankets, and the hard logs was not a downy bed. This cell had been occupied by some convict niggers, and was swarming with vermin, which accentuated discomfort and misery. Yet we hear much said about the tortures of Andersonville, by the Northern people. No such treatment was ever inflicted upon Union prisoners of war *in any Confederate prison of the South.* Just above the cell in which our comrades were confined was a room in which white and nigger convicts were confined. Daily they polluted the ears of our

comrades with the vilest epithets such scoundrels could utter about our Southern women. They even cut a hole through the floor and spit upon our men, and when the prison authorities were complained to about this indignity they simply smiled and made no effort to stop it; they even rather encouraged these vile scoundrels in their meanness and insults to our helpless men. Davis, the deserter, one day did worse than spit upon our men in the cell. Our men protested to the sergeant who had charge of the convict room, but he would take no notice of the protest. Finally the conduct of the convicts towards our men became so unbearable that Colonel Manning got the sergeant to ask Lieutenant Thompson, U. S. A., assistant provost-marshal, to come and see him, which he did. Our men protested against such insults as the convicts perpetrated upon them, but Thompson simply ordered the cell door closed, and paid no further attention to the protest, and this devilish torture went on. Finally the provost-marshal-general made a general inspection of the convict prison, with his assistant, Thompson. When the door of the cell in which our men were confined was opened Colonel Gurney asked Thompson why those Confederate prisoners of war were confined in convict cells.

Thompson hesitated for a moment before he replied, and then lied by saying the men had formed a conspiracy to escape and murder the guard. Colonel Manning at once denounced Lieutenant Thompson as a liar, and his story as a mean, cowardly lie. When Colonel Gurney heard Colonel Manning's story, he ordered Thompson to instantly remove the prisoners from the filthy cells to a room on the floor above, where they were confined seventeen days, surrounded by the galvanized scoundrels — deserters who had taken the oath of allegiance. This fellow, Thompson, inflicted upon Colonel Manning all the little mean indignities he dared without Colonel Gurney finding him out; and all this for the sole reason that Manning had proved and denounced Thompson a liar and coward.

These brave men never allowed this fellow to see how much he really made them suffer. They were that class of men referred to by Judah P. Benjamin who, when he left the United States Senate, said to the people of the North: "You may, with your immense armies, invade the South; sack our cities, towns, and villages; render homeless our wives and children; you may drive the black car of war throughout our land; but the subjugation of our people is impossible."

The most fearful test a man can be put to is that of starvation. The corn-meal-pickle ration was this test; it was the trying ordeal of the manhood of those six hundred Confederate mortals. They stood the test. The seventeen who took the oath were the dross of the gold; they must wear their badge of dishonor; they can not rid themselves of it, they can not hide it. In the world's history these fellows will be classed as cowards; in the glorious history of the Confederacy they will be written down as deserters,— none can defend them. Dear old Murray, let's say together, "God bless those of the six hundred who remained true unto the end." Their story will be written on the scroll of fame; it will go down through all time. Generations will sing their praise and crown them martyrs to principle for their devotion and fidelity in those days of torture.

P. B. A.

ESCAPE FROM FEDERALS.

I was Captain of Company H, 10th Louisiana Regiment, Infantry, Stafford's Brigade, Edward Johnston's Division, Jackson's (afterwards Ewell's) Corps, of the Army of Northern Virginia. With three-fourths of the regiment, I was taken prisoner at the Bloody

Angle, at the battle of Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864. I was taken to Fort Delaware and was one of the six hundred Confederate officers picked out to be placed under the fire of the Confederate batteries on Morris Island, for alleged retaliation.

These officers were embarked in August on the small transport "Crescent," where four men were allowed a space of four by six feet to lie in. We had been some nineteen days on this floating purgatory when we were landed on Morris Island, and marched ankle deep in sand for six miles to our place of confinement, a stockade that had been erected between the Union batteries Gregg and Wagner, where we remained for some six weeks, under the occasional fire of mortar batteries in Charleston and the premature explosions of shells fired from battery Wagner. As a refinement of cruelty, we were guarded by the 54th Massachusetts (negro) Regiment. Later, a part of the prisoners were sent to Port Royal for wintering and the rest to the damp casemates of Fort Pulaski. I was with the latter.

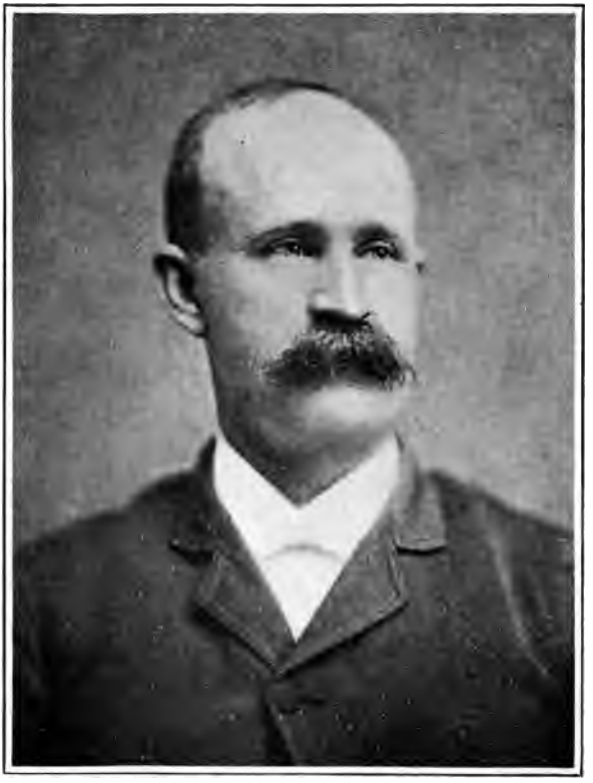
Early in March, 1865, it was reported that the six hundred were to be exchanged at a point on the James River, and they were reunited and embarked on the big transport "Illinois," which was already crowded with

prisoners taken by Sherman at Savannah, some of whom were sick and wounded. In due time the vessel reached Norfolk, where orders were received to return the prisoners to Fort Delaware. This was sad news indeed to the six hundred, who hoped to be back in Dixie soon.

The vessel put to sea and after dark I went on the upper deck for fresh air. I was soon approached by an Irishman, who was of the crew and was a Southern sympathizer. He said to me: "They're treating you like dogs. I'd get away if I were you."

I replied to him that I would do so if he could show me how, and that I had already made four fruitless attempts. He then told me that in the forward part of the deck, where I was quartered, I would find a hatch through which I could descend to the forepart of the hold, where the anchor chains and sail duck, ropes, etc., were stored. That if I concluded to make the attempt and would let him know, after a while — after the prisoners would be landed at Fort Delaware, the day following — he would bring me food for the trip to New York, where the transport was to go to take on supplies. That before reaching New York he would come down to supply me with clothes and to give me a few dollars. "Then," he concluded, "if you're smart, you'll be able

to get back South." I thanked him and told him that I would let him know as he suggested. Thereupon, I went down for a consultation with some friends. Three of them agreed to make the attempt with me. They were: Capt. Thomas F. Perkins, 11th Tenn. Cav.; Capt. Emmett E. DePriest, 23d Va. Inf., and Lieut. Cicero M. Allen (a Louisianian), 2d Ark. Cav. We decided not to inform my Irish friend, for fear that by some indiscretion he might have our attempt revealed. We swapped clothes with other friends, gathered some crackers and canteens of water, some matches and candles, and arranged with some of the Georgians to personify us at roll calls, and, after bidding our friends good-bye and receiving their warm wishes for our success, we went down to the designated place of concealment. We fixed places to lie in with the aid of candle light, but soon afterwards Captain Perkins, who had been suffering with flux, was violently seized with pains in the bowels and his ailment grew more pronounced, to an extent that caused us to insist upon his return to the deck above us and seek the assistance of the surgeon. The gallant fellow urged his right to risk his life in the endeavor, and that the responsibility rested wholly upon himself. We finally resolved



CAPTAIN J. W. MATHEWS
25th Virginia

to inform him that we could not agree to his view and that we had rather abandon the attempt than witness his increasing sufferings and danger, and that we would proceed to do so. He then consented to be assisted up the hatch. We then fell into a sleep from which we awoke by the cessation of the vessel's rolling and pitching, and the rumblings above indicating that we were at Fort Delaware and that the prisoners were being landed. For several hours we lay upon the anxious bench, but when the vessel began to move once more we felt that our absence had not been observed and that we had only to fear a telegram to search the vessel on her arrival at New York. At times during the rest of the voyage we would light the candle for an instant, eat some crackers and go back to sleep. Finally we were awakened by the firing of a cannon and soon after the ship's motion told us that we were in New York harbor. We could hear the whistles of passing crafts, and when we felt it to be afternoon, we ascended to the deck above and sought refuge there in a dark corner. After dusk one of the trio made a reconnoissance to the upper deck and reported the vessel to be fast to the pier with her stern swinging a few feet outward. We had been in the hold for more than three days and

nights, and it was with joyful feelings that we emerged upon the upper deck and in turn jumped to the wharf and walked rapidly into the city. We soon crossed Broadway and hastened to go down into a cellar saloon and eating place. We called for cocktails and had a substantial meal. We were in rags and looked like tramps. Fourteen dollars in greenbacks was our aggregate wealth. We went to a cheap lodging house and got a room under assumed names. There we gazed at each other and rejoiced at being free men again. Allen had been a prisoner for fifteen months and DePriest and I ten months. It was then Sunday, March 13, 1865.

The next day we found friends who gave us clothes and money. DePriest left us to go to Baltimore, where he expected to meet friends, and Allen and myself concluded to stay a few days longer to recuperate.

At the end of the time we had set, we proceeded to Baltimore, thence to a place near Point of Rocks, on the Potomac, where we thought of entering Virginia and rejoining the Confederate forces. There news came that Richmond was about to be evacuated, and we felt that we would soon have Grant's army to elude to get to our friends. We decided to return to Baltimore. There our friends sup-

plied us with funds and railroad tickets and we went on through to Louisville. Thence we took a steamer for Cairo. At Evansville cannons were being fired, as we landed, announcing the surrender at Appomattox. A Union officer was addressing a large crowd that was rejoicing over what we regarded as dreadful news. At Cairo we got aboard another boat and went down to Memphis. Finding it difficult to get out of the lines there we went back aboard, and on her trip up we were landed at Randolph, in West Tennessee, in the middle of the night. Thence we made our way safely to Meridian, Mississippi, and reported to Gen. Richard Taylor, whose army had retired to that place after the evacuation of Mobile. The General gave us thirty days' furlough almost on the eve of the surrender of his forces.

Then we crossed the Mississippi with the intention of joining Kirby Smith's army in the rumored continuance of the war in the Trans-Mississippi country. But before the expiration of our furloughs that officer also surrendered. The war was over.

Allen died at Lake Providence, La., not long after the war. Perkins, who became prominent in politics in Tennessee, died in the

nineties. DePriest also died in the nineties, at Richmond.

I had the good fortune of meeting Allen and Perkins at times after the war, but never had the satisfaction of meeting DePriest, from whom, however, I received several messages.

LEON JESTREMESKA.

Baton Rouge, La., December 26, 1904.

Fernandina, Fla., January 18, 1905.

MAJ. J. OGDEN MURRAY,

Winchester, Va.

My Dear Comrade and Friend:

When I go back to those days of the ordeal of starvation of the Six Hundred Immortals, and think of the ordeal we went through on Morris Island, Hilton Head, S. C., and Fort Pulaski, Ga., by order of Secretary Stanton, my heart grows bitter.

I can never forget November 20, 1864, when two hundred and twenty of us were taken from the prison of Fort Pulaski and sent to Hilton Head. When we reached Hilton Head we were unloaded upon the wharf, then under guard marched through the town, and placed in a camp one mile in the rear of the village. Our shelter was the same old A-tents we had on Morris Island; we were surrounded by the same old 54th nigger troops;

our ration two ounces of fat meat with a small quantity of hominy grits, most vilely cooked, and some beans. A few frying pans were given us, but were not sufficient for the camp use, so we had to let each mess have its turn with the frying pans. Our camp was located in a very exposed place. On the evening of November 29th we were moved from this bleak camp into barracks, built in the yard of the provost-marshal's office. The building was a large log structure of two stories, with hospital in the second story. The lower floor was built in cells, six by eight feet. A long pine board table was run down the room before our cells. This was our dining room, or mess hall. Between the table and our cells there was a space of two or three feet, and up and down, night and day, a sentinel with loaded gun paced. They would not allow us to close the cell doors; we had no blankets, the weather was cold, and there was no stove allowed in our quarters. On December 4th about forty or more of our party — the sick and wounded — were sent to Hilton Head, and exchanged. Time hung heavy on our hands at that place. We were allowed no exercise outside of our cells, and no incident that I can now recall occurred to break the monotony of the prison until

December, when we were put on the rotten corn meal and pickle ration; ten ounces of rotten corn meal, one-half pint onion pickle — no grease, no salt, no meat of any kind. There were plenty of imprecations heaped upon the heads of those who ordered us such a ration, but there was no sign of a break in our ranks.

A party composed of Captains Perkins, Jestremeska, and Casson and some others, cut a plank out of their cell floor and would have made their escape from the prison but for a Lieut. J. W. Davis, who betrayed them. This fellow took the oath of allegiance. Some of our party did get out of the prison, but were recaptured, brought back, and the whole lot crowded into a small cell, four by eight, which had been used to confine some nigger convicts. When it was discovered that this fellow,— Davis,— had betrayed the boys, Col. Van Manning and Lieut. Pete Akers cut the stripes from his collar and buttons from his coat, and literally kicked him out of prison before the guard could interfere to save him. This action on the part of our men got them into a cell in close confinement for many days.

The corn meal diet was rough on our fellows, and scurvy got hold of us badly. One day I saw one of our men sitting very quietly

in one corner of the room. Thinking he was sick, I went over to speak to him and do whatever I could for his comfort. I found he had a long string in his hand, on which he had a fish-hook baited with a grain of corn. This he dropped through a chink in the floor. He was simply catching rats. For a while I thought the poor fellow was crazy, but when he yanked in a rat the problem of why he was quiet was solved. He caught rats and ate them to keep from starving.

There was a fine large cat, that belonged to the provost-marshal's office, that often came into our prison. One day this cat very mysteriously disappeared; next day my mess had meat for dinner, and we invited some other fellows to dine with us. In February, 1865, our ration was increased by two ounces of meat and two ounces of potatoes; but it came too late to drive away scurvy. About this time Colonel Manning, Pete Akers, Tom Perkins, and the others were released from their close confinement. March 4, 1865, we were loaded on board of the steamer "Ashland," taken to Hilton Head Harbor, and transferred to the steamship "Illinois," and sent back to Fort Delaware prison. On comparing numbers — leaving out those exchanged and those who deserted — we found that twenty-five per cent.

of our number had died from the brutal treatment. The "Illinois" was a troop ship, dirty, but not one hundredth part as filthy and dirty as was the steamer "Crescent City," that brought us from Fort Delaware to Morris Island, in August, 1864.

You can tell the story of the trip better than I can. You had a diary. Tell it, dear old comrade. The world must know how brutal we were treated; and do not forget, you must put in big type the seventeen deserters who took the oath.

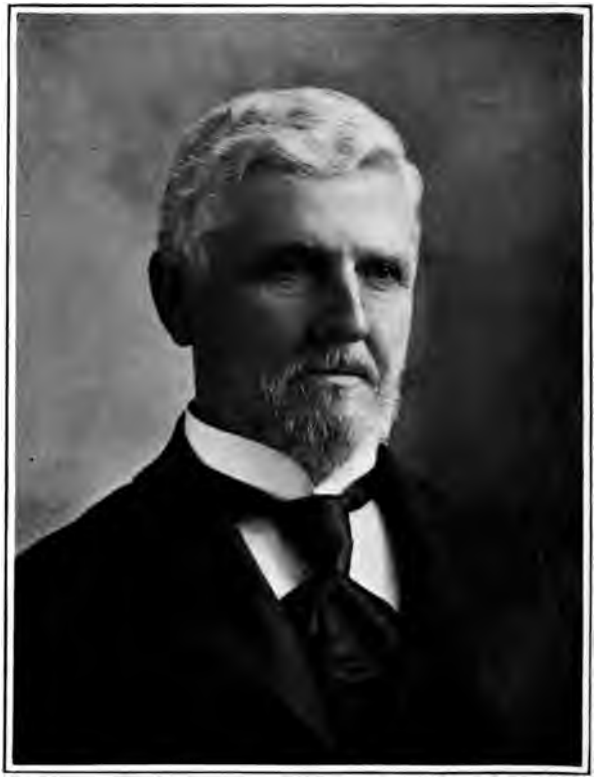
Sincerely your comrade and friend,

W. D. BALLANTINE.

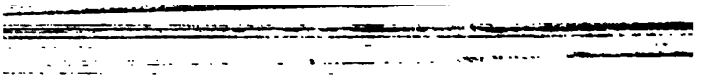


FIRST LIEUTENANT J. OGDEN MURRAY
7th Virginia (1862)





COLONEL ABE FULKERSON
Tennessee



Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
G. W. Avant	Lieut.	35th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., June 17, '64	Chatham
Alex. H. Brown	3d Lieut.	2d Inft.	Kelly's Ford, 1863	Lynstreth
G. N. Albright	"	6th Inft.	Rapidan Station, 1863	Melville
J. M. Brugin	"	22d Inft.	Gettysburg, July 4, 1863	Marion
J. B. Coffield	"	1st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Tarboro
Geo. L. Cooke	"	44th S. S.	Hanover Junction, 1864	Graham
D. T. Bullard	"	18th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Owenville
J. Q. Elkins	"	18th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Whitsonville
G. H. Lindsay	"	54th Inft.	Drury's Bluff, 1864	Madison
M. Ballison	"	62d Inft.	Cumberland Gap, 1863	
W. H. Ivey	"	2d Cav.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Jackson
W. T. Doles	"	32d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Nash County
N. H. Fennell	"	61st Inft.	Bermuda Hundreds, 1864	Linsville
F. F. Floyd	"	51st Inft.	Bermuda Hundreds, 1864	Wilmington
G. P. Highly	"	51st Inft.	Coal Harbor, 1864	Lumberton, N. C.
J. B. Lindsay	"	31st Inft.	Coal Harbor, 1864	Wadesboro
B. A. Gowan	"	51st Inft.	Bermuda Hundreds, 1864	Whiteville
J. H. Bloodworth	"	4th Cav.	Brandy Station, Oct., 1863	Wilmington

VIRGINIA—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
H. G. Brinkly	Lieut.	41st Inft.	Nancemond, September, '63	Norfolk
C. F. Crisp[1]	"	10th Inft.	Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864	Luray
S. F. Finks	"	10th Inft.	Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864	Madison C. H.
Jno. Long	"	10th Inft.	Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864	Bridgewater
J. J. Henritey	"	37th Inft.	Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864	Lebanon
J. A. Burnett	"	50th Inft.	Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864	Bluntsville
W. S. Gilmer	"	37th Inft.	Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864	Lebanon
W. W. George	"	26th Inft.	Coal Harbor, June 3, 1864	Princeton
W. G. Herrington	"	25th Inft.	Cox's Farm, July 12, 1864	Shelby
R. C. Campbell	"	53d Inft.	Gettysburg, July 3, 1863	King William Co.
J. W. Frazier	"	Capt.	Rapidan, October 11, 1863	Loudoun County
C. P. Johnson	"	1st Cav.	Burlington, Dec. 3, 1863	Hampshire Co.
P. B. Akers	"	11th Inft.	Milford Station, May 21, '64	Lynchburg
L. Green	"	5th Cav.	Near Richmond, May 12, '64	Petersburg
H. C. Jones	"	50th Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Gladesville
J. W. Harris	"	58th Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Bedford C. H.
J. S. Hix	"	44th Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Goochland

[1]Was, after the war, Speaker of House of United States Congress.

VIRGINIA—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
T. A. Applebery°	Lieut.	44th Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Fluvanna County
J. W. Hughes	"	44th Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Cobham Depot
W. A. Dawson	"	27th Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Callards
D. B. Conway	"	4th Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Elk Creek
Jno. A. Donaghe	"	10th Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Purnassus
J. L. Hempstead	Capt.	25th Inft.	Wilderness, May 5, 1864	Dubuque, Iowa
W. B. Dobson	Lieut.	5th Cav.	Yellow Tavern, May 11, '64	Danville
R. B. Hart	"	5th Cav.	Yellow Tavern, May 11, '64	Stevenville
J. W. Davis*	"	20th Cav.	Fred'k City, Md., July 10, '63	Clarksburg
Hopkins Harding	"	19th Inft.	Gettysburg, July 3, 1863	Scottsville
F. R. Haynes	"	24th Cav.	Gloucester Co., Oct. 5, 1863	Cobb's Creek
T. J. Bery	"	25th Inft.	Wilderness, May 5, 1864	Salt Lick
N. D. Embry	"	25th Inft.	Milford Station, May 21, '64	Pineville
A. R. Humphries	"	26th Inft.	Coal Harbor, June 3, 1864	Lewisburg
C. D. Fitzhugh‡			Antietam, Md.	Hagerstown

°Exchanged Hilton Head, Dec. 14, 1864. *Took oath of allegiance, Hilton Head.

‡This man was captured going south; did not belong to Confederate Army.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
M. G. Zeigler	Major	H. Legion	Stony Creek Va., May 7, '64	Cokesburg, S. C.
W. P. Emanuel	"	4th S. C. Cav.	Louisa C. H., June 11, 1864	Charleston
P. B. Martin	Capt.	H. Legion	Petersburg, Va., May 7, 1864	Spartanburg
D. C. Moore	"	H. Legion	Garrett's Station, May 8, '64	Polksburg
S. B. Mecham	"	5th Inft.	Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864	Yorkville
W. L. Campbell	"	11th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., May 13, '64	Waterboro
Thos. Pinckney	"	4th Cav.	Hawes Shop, May 28, 1864	Charleston
Jas. M. Mulvaney*	"	27th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., June 24, '64	Charleston
T. M. Easterday	Lieut.	5th Cav.	Trevillians, Va., May 12, '64	Charleston
W. H. Covington	"	23d Inft.	Petersburg, Va., June 18, '64	Bennetsville
H. J. Clifton	"	21st Inft.	Petersburg, Va., June 11, '64	Timminsville
W. S. Bissell°	"	2d Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., July 4, 1863	Charleston
S. T. Anderson	"	1st Cav.	Martinsburg, July 19, 1863	Chester District
J. B. Gallman	"	5th Inft.	Wilderness, May 5, 1864	Unionville
N. B. Lusk	"	12th Inft.	Wilderness, May 5, 1864	Cherokee
J. A. Garrett	"	H. Legion	Rocky Creek Sta., May 4, '64	Spartanburg
J. G. Hallford	"	8th Inft.	Coal Harbor, May 20, 1864	Timminsville

*Took oath allegiance. °Exchanged December, 1864.

SOUTH CAROLINA—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
W. E. Johnson	Lieut.	7th Cav.	Old Church, May 30, 1864	Kershaw District
Wm. Epps	"	4th Cav.	Louisa C. H., June 11, 1864	Knight Free
David Gordon	"	4th Cav.	Louisa C. H., June 11, 1864	King District
M. P. Galloway	"	23d Inft.	Petersburg, Va., June 17, '64	Marlboro District

NORTH CAROLINA.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
Jno. A. Baker*	Colonel	3d Cav.	Petersburg, Va., June 21, '64	Wilmington, N. C.
G. N. Folk°	"	6th Cav.	Kinston, June 22, 1864	Morganton
T. S. Hartgrove	Lieut. Col.	4th Inft.	South Bridge, June 26, 1864	Oxford
J. R. McDonald	Major	51st Inft.	Gaines' Mill, 1864	Fayetteville
H. D. Fowler	Capt.	1st Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Rallsville
T. L. Johnson	"	1st Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Edenton
W. H. Day	"	1st Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Halifax
J. L. Cantwell°	"	3d Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Wilmington
John Cowan	"	3d Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Wilmington

*Took oath of allegiance, Fort Pulaski, March, 1865. °Exchanged Dec., 1864, Hilton Head. °This officer did much for our sick, broken men; made this roll.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
H. W. Horne	Capt.	3d Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Fayetteville
W. G. McRae	"	7th Inft.	Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64	Wilmington
J. G. Knox	"	7th Inft.	Wilderness, Va., May 5, '64	Rowan
W. H. Kitchen	"	12th Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Scotland Neck
J. W. Lane	"	16th Inft.	Wilderness, May 6, 1864	Hendersonville
F. C. Lewis	"	18th Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Wilmington
C. B. Bromly	"	20th Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863	Concord
Alec T. Cole	"	23d Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Rockingham
N. G. Bradford	"	26th Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., July 5, 1863	Lenoir County
S. S. Bohannon	"	28th Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Yadkin
W. B. Demar	"	31st Inft.	Gaines' Farm, June 1, 1864	Yadkin
J. E. Hodges	"	32d Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Deep Creek
H. M. Dixon	"	35th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., June 17, '64	Moose County
C. McN. Blue	"	35th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., June 17, '64	Moose County
W. J. Alexander	"	37th Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863	Wilksboro
S. H. Hines	"	45th Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 10, 1864	Milton
W. F. Murphy	"	51st Inft.	Bermuda H'd, June 16, 1864	Clinton

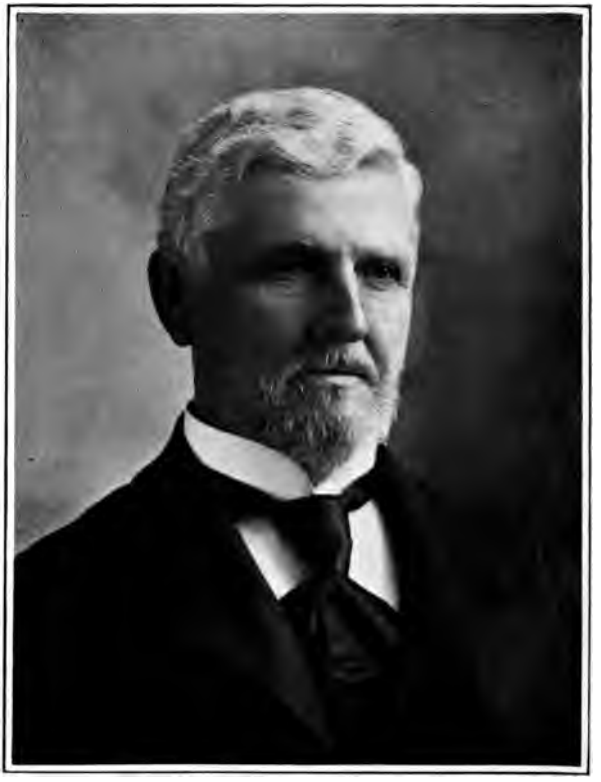
NORTH CAROLINA—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
D. S. Cockenham°	Capt.	54th Inft.	Rapp'k Bridge, Nov. 7, 1863	Clinton
J. K. Kyle	"	52d Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 21, 1864	Fayetteville
J. C. Blair*	"	1st Cav.	Yellow Tavern, May 21, '64	Boone C. H.
S. Hartsfield	"	3d Cav.	Hanover C. H., 1864	Kinston
J. W. Moon	"	3d Cav.	Greenville, S. C., Dec. 17, '63	Wilmington
W. B. Allen	Lieut.	6th Inft.	Rapp'k Bridge, Nov. 7, 1863	Wake County
S. P. Abernathy	"	30th Inft.	Kelly's Ford, Nov. 7, 1863	Wake County
Robt. C. Carr	"	43d Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., July 4, 1863	Maynolin
David A. Coon	"	11th Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., July 4, 1863	Lincolnton
A. L. Leatherwood	"	29th Inft.	Clay Co., N. C., Feb., 1864	Ford Hendry
J. A. Hartsfield	"	1st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Ballsville
J. A. Latham	"	1st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Plymouth
J. O. Frink	Ensign	18th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Cerogoda
Geo. W. Corbell	Lieut.	18th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Caintuck
N. S. Mosely	"	12th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Warrenton
Frank McIntosh	"	18th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Richmond County
Jno. M. Geyther	"	1st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Tarboro

*Was shot by nigger sentinel on Morris Island. °Exchanged December, 1864.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
Jno. T. Bullock	Lieut.	23d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Tranquility
Jno. F. Grubb	"	14th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Shelly
J. D. Malloy	"	51st Inft.	Drury's Bluff, 1864	Buck Horn
H. Earp	"	24th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., June, 1864	Smithville
J. D. McMullin	"	1st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Wilmington
C. P. Mallett	"	3d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Fayetteville
J. M. Hobson	"	2d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Rocksville
F. F. Patrick	"	32d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Columbia
H. J. Jenkins	"	Wyman's Bat	Gate City, N. C., June 9, '64	Murfreesboro
J. W. Brothers	"	67th Inft.	Kinston, N. C., 1864	Kinston
T. B. Henderson	"	4th Inft.	Washington, Dec. 16, 1863	Jacksonville
T. M. Allen	"	4th Inft.	Gettysburg, July 4, 1864	Fairfields
B. W. Burkhead	"	22d Inft.	Hanover Jct., Va., May, '64	Ashboro
R. A. Glenn*	"	22d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	
W. T. Anderson	"	5th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Snowhill
J. H. Daiden	"	3d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Fayetteville
N. McLeoad*	"	26th Inft.	Wilderness, May 6, 1864	Carthage

*Took oath, Morris Island.



COLONEL ABE FULKERSON
Tennessee

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
W. C. Gordon	Lieut.	6th Cav.	Jackson Mills, 1864	Morganton
H. Y. Gash	"	6th Cav.	Jackson Mills, 1864	Hendersonville
A. J. Hanser	"	1st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Lincolnton
T. P. Barrow	"	3d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Washington
J. M. Hargett	"	1st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Newbern
E. A. Carver	"	1st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Forrestville
R. H. Lyon	"	3d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Black Rock
J. F. Heath	"	67th Inft.	Swift Creek, N. C., 1864	Newbern
W. B. Chandler	"	37th Inft.	Wilderness, May 6, 1864	Yancyville
A. J. Gurganus	"	3d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Onslow County
Geo. M. Crapon	"	3d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Smithville
L. J. Henderson	"	3d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Onslow County
Z. H. Loudermilk	"	3d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Randolph
J. E. King	"	3d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Onslow
C. M. Busbey	"	5th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Raleigh
C. C. Lane	"	3d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Snow Hill
H. C. Andrews	"	28th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Orange
J. A. Blair	"	16th Inft.	Falling Waters, Va., 1863	Macon County

NORTH CAROLINA—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
J. C. Haines	Lieut.	5th Cav.	Jacks Shop, 1863	Clinton
J. Coggin	"	23d Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., 1863	Montgomery
W. P. Jones	"	35th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Moose County
J. B. Davis	"	7th Cav.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Wilson
T. D. Crawford	"	C. S. N.	Washington, N. C., 1864	Washington
E. S. Hart	"	23d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Barrack's Mill
M. P. Johnson	Private	1st Cav.	Bostic Station, Nov., 1863	Charlotte

GEORGIA.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
D. F. Booton	Major	3d Cav.	East Tenn., Jan., 1864	Rome
W. J. Dumus	Capt.	53d Inft.	Knoxville, November, 1863	Forsyth
W. C. Nutt	"	53d Inft.	Knoxville, November, 1863	Griffin
W. Barnes	"	55th Inft.	Cumberland Gap, 1863	Atlanta
J. P. Allen	"	55th Inft.	Cumberland Gap, 1863	Dawson
T. N. Kent	"	48th Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., 1863	Wrightsville
J. L. Lenemood	"	18th Inft.	Knoxville, 1863	Cobb County

GEORGIA—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
J. D. Ashton°	Capt.	4th Cav.	Summerville, Ga., 1863	Burke
W. J. Gorham	A. D. C.	Gen. Thomas	Wilderness, 1864	Hamilton
T. M. Carter	Capt.	44th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Jackson
J. J. Henderson	"	31st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Ironville
D. McDonald	"	61st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	
T. W. Harris	"	12th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Oglethorpe
J. R. McMicheal	"	12th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Beuna Vista
Alex. Gibson	"	4th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	La Grange
G. W. Lewis	"	31st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Brambridge
H. B. Dedwyler	"	38th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Elberton
J. H. Conneley	"	44th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Griffin
J. Edmonson	"	44th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Fayetteville
C. R. Ezell	"	4th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Jasper
A. J. McLeod	"	57th Inft.	Gaines' Farm, 1864	Camilla
R. L. Miller	"	7th Cav.	Trevillian Station, 1864	Scarboro Scriben Co
H. K. Harrison°	"	7th Cav.	Louisa C. H., Va., 1864	Chatham
T. W. Hopkins	"	7th Cav.	Louisa C. H., Va., 1864	Chatham

°Exchanged, Fort Pulaski, 1864.

GEORGIA—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
W. J. Bozwell	Lieut.	55th Inft.	Cumberland Gap, 1863	Penfield
S. U. Branch	"	8th Inft.	Gettysburg, July 4, 1863	Savannah
B. L. Brown	"	59th Inft.	Gettysburg, July 5, 1863	Fort Gaines
T. J. Carr	"	43d Inft.	Champ Hill, Miss., 1863	Jefferson
J. J. Maddox	"	38th Inft.	Locust Grove, Va., 1864	Milton
Jno. G. Morgan	"	45th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Clinton
J. J. Bass	"	35th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Munroe
Geo. M. Roughton	"	49th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Sandersville
D. W. Garrett	"	11th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Morgan
M. D. Joy	"	12th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Wiliford
C. C. Grace	"	12th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Perryville
W. W. Hulbert	"	4th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Augusta
R. Childs	"	4th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Clinton
N. B. Durham	"	44th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Clarke
E. Jeffers	"	61st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Macon
M. M. Mosely	"	3d S. S.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Homer
J. D. DeLoach	"	61st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Tattnall County
W. H. DeLoach	"	7th Cav.	Louisa C. H., 1864	Bryan County

GEORGIA—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
P. P. Logan	Lieut.	18th Inft.	Gaines' Farm, 1864	Canton
J. W. Maxwell	"	50th Inft.	Coal Harbor, 1864	Canton
H. J. Moss	"	51st Inft.	Gaines' Farm, 1864	Blakely
W. R. Avaunt	"	61st Inft.	Gettysburg, July, 1863	Macon
J. B. Bently	"	22d Inft.	Gettysburg, July, 1863	Lincolnton
A. J. Barton	"	55th Inft.	Cumberland Gap, Sept., '63	Gainesville
J. F. Davies	"	14th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Amherst C. H., Va.
A. M. Green	"	12th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Youngsboro, N. C.
W. C. Cherry	"	4th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	West Point, Ga.
D. T. Harris	"	21st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Forsyth
F. N. Graves	"	61st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Lumpkin
D. W. Goodwin	"	44th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Greensboro
T. J. Gurr	"	51st Inft.	Coal Harbor, 1864	Houston
W. H. Chew	"	7th Cav.	Trevillian Station, 1864	Augusta
G. H. Ford	"	7th Cav.	Trevillian Station, 1864	Wayne
R. Hervie	"	7th Cav.	Trevillian Station, 1864	Bogan

FLORIDA.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
W. D. Ballyntine	Capt.	2d Florida	Gettysburg, July, 1864	Pensacola
Wm. Baily	"	5th Inft.	Gettysburg, July, 1864	Leon County
G. Finley	"	1st Cav.	M. Ridge, November, 1863	Marianna
J. G. Talbot	"	5th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Lake City
T. S. Armstead	Lieut.	8th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Marianna
Saunders Myers	"	4th Inft.	M. Ridge, November, 1863	Bainbridge
S. M. Davis	"	4th Inft.	M. Ridge, November, 1863	Quincy
R. A. Hall	"	4th Inft.	M. Ridge, November, 1863	Appalachicola
A. S. Bull	"	5th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Tallehassee

MISSOURI.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
Peter Ake	Capt.	3d Mo. Cav.	Arkansas, November, 1863	Ironton
M. J. Bradford	"	10th Inft.	Arkansas, July, 1863	Raleigh
J. G. Kelly*	Capt. E.	Staff	Smithville, N. C., 1864	St. Louis
S. Lowe	"	3d Battery	Rodney, Miss., 1864	Independence
A. M. Bedford	Lieut.	3d Cav.	Big Black, Miss., 1863	Savannah

*Took oath of allegiance, Fort Pulaski, Ga.

MISSOURI—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
Peter J. Benson	Lieut.	8th Inft.	Helena, Ark., July, 1864	Cassville
Wm. Halliburton*	"	Frin's Battery	Arkansas, 1863	Dent C. H.
Geo. C. Brand	"	2d Cav.	Holly Springs, 1863	Boonville

ALABAMA.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
R. T. Campbell	Capt.	49th Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Village Spgs, Ala.
J. N. Chisholm	"	9th Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863	Florence
J. W. Burton°	"	6th Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863	Montgomery
C. Ed. Chambers	"	13th Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863	Tuskegee
L. S. Chetwood	"	5th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Clayton
J. W. Fannin	"	61st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Tuskegee
A. J. Armstrong	Lieut.	46th Inft.	Champ Hill, Miss., 1863	Columbia
W. T. Bishop°	"	16th Inft.	Bexar, Ala., 1864	
H. A. Chadburn	"	10th Inft.	Mt. P., Tenn., 1863	Faunsdale
Jno. P. Breedslove	"	4th Inft.	Gettysburg, July, 1863	Tuskegee
J. J. Andrews	"	Staff	Florence, Ala., 1863	Florence

*Took oath of allegiance, Fort Pulaski, Ga. °Exchanged Hilton Head Prison.



CAPTAIN LEON JESTREMESKA
10th Louisana

ALABAMA—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
A. J. Kirkman	Lieut.	4th Cav.	M. Ridge, Tenn., 1863	Florence
Paul H. Earle	"	28th Inft.	M. Ridge, Tenn., 1863	Huntsville, Ala
E. J. Mastin	"	Staff	Charleston, 1863	Huntsville, Ala
D. E. Bates	"	J. Darthy	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Selma
J. L. Haynes	"	14th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Talledega
J. D. Bond	"	57th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Haynesville
W. H. Allen	"	49th Inft.	Port Hudson, 1864	Guntersville
A. C. Foster°	"	2d Cav.	Lauderdale, Ala., 1863	Florence
J. L. Leonard°	"	7th Cav.	Swanborn, N. C., 1864	Tuskegee
W. B. Bass	"	15th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Tuskegee
R. H. Adams, Jr.	"	Engineers	Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., 1863	Farmsdale

MISSISSIPPI.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
T. H. Johnson*	Major	1st Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Fernand, Miss
Thos. Boyd	Capt.	1st Inft.	Corinth, July, 1863	Mooreville
A. J. Lewis	"	P. Cav.	Clayborne Co., Feb., 1864	Port Gibson

°Exchanged Hilton Head Prison. *Exchanged.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
J. L. Purgason	Capt.	32d Inft.	Corinth, May, 1863	Port Gibson
H. T. Coffee	"	48th Inft.	Spottsylvania, C. H., 1864	New Orleans, La.
T. Q. Munner	"	12th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Natchez
Chas. L. Barrett	Lieut.	P. Cav.	Port Hudson, Va., 1863	Port Gibson
W. H. Frizzle	"	12th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Holmes County
J. C. Carson	"	A. D. C.	Trevillian Station, 1864	Natchez
Wm. T. Jeffreys	"	P. Cav.	Clayborne, Miss., Feb., 1864	Port Gibson
Wm. L. Barton°	"	2d Inft.	Tupelo, May, 1863	Tupelo
Jno. R. Casson	"	27th Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863	Holly Springs
Joel W. Jones	"	1st Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Smithville
R. J. Howard°	"	1st Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Byhalia
B. S. Grant	"	42d Inft.	Falling Waters, Va., July, '63	Pontotoc
T. M. Bassonett	"	12th Inft.	Cheeter Gap, July, 1863	Union Church
J. M. Allen	"	29th Inft.	Chickahominy, Va., 1863	Grenada
Wm. M. Bullock	"	48th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Bovina
Thimothy Foley*				

°Exchanged. *Took oath of allegiance 1864.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
P. F. DeGurney	Lieut. Col.	C. S. Artillery	Port Hudson, 1863	New Orleans
E. S. M. LeBreton	"	C. S. Mil.	Port Hudson, 1863	New Orleans
E. J. Hall°	Capt.	1st Cav.	Port Hudson, 1863	New Orleans
J. G. Angell	"	5th Inft.	Rappahannock, 1863	New Orleans
Wm. B. Kemp	"	9th Cav.	Port Hudson, 1863	Greensboro
H. E. Henderson	"	A A G 3d Brg	Wilderness, May 6, 1864	Alexandria
L. M. Malchor°	"	7th Inft.	Wilderness, May 6, 1864	New Orleans
Jno. Elliott	"	2d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Carrol Parish
L. Jestremeska[9]	"	10th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Alberville
Jno. L. Lemmon	"	14th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	New Orleans
W. A. Martin	"	7th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Baton Rouge
Boliver Edwards	Lieut.	M. Legion	Port Hudson, 1863	Covington
J. C. Bartholmy	"	20th Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	St. James P.
J. Fickisen	"	14th Inft.	North Anna, Va., 1864	New Orleans
P. H. Cavanaugh	"	1st Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Liberty
J. B. Fitzpatrick	"	14th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	New Orleans
J. D. Bowerman	"	15th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Bastrop

°Exchanged. [9]Escaped, 1864.

GEORGIA—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
J. D. Ashton°	Capt.	4th Cav.	Summerville, Ga., 1863	Burke
W. J. Gorham	A. D. C.	Gen. Thomas	Wilderness, 1864	Hamilton
T. M. Carter	Capt.	44th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Jackson
J. J. Henderson	"	31st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Ironville
D. McDonald	"	61st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	
T. W. Harris	"	12th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Oglethorpe
J. R. McMicheal	"	12th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Beuna Vista
Alex. Gibson	"	4th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	La Grange
G. W. Lewis	"	31st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Brambridge
H. B. Dedwyler	"	38th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Elberton
J. H. Conneley	"	44th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Griffin
J. Edmonson	"	44th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Fayetteville
C. R. Ezell	"	4th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Jasper
A. J. McLeod	"	57th Inft.	Gaines' Farm, 1864	Camilla
R. L. Miller	"	7th Cav.	Trevillian Station, 1864	Scarboro Scriben Co
H. K. Harrison°	"	7th Cav.	Louisa C. H., Va., 1864	Chatham
T. W. Hopkins	"	7th Cav.	Louisa C. H., Va., 1864	Chatham

°Exchanged, Fort Pulaski, 1864.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
Van H. Manning	Colonel	3d Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Hanbury
M. R. Willson	Major	1st Bat. Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Hanbury
W. E. Stewart	"	15th Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Easton, Md.
D. Arbuckle	"	17th Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Fort Smith
J. L. Brent	"	18th Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Louisville, Ky
D. B. Coulter	"	12th Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Centre Pt.
Geo. K. Craycroft	Capt.	23d Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Chicot
J. C. Patterson	"	14th Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Yellville
A. B. Israel	"	1st Inft.	Missouri, Dec. 25, 1863	Ponchoton
J. McG. Jones	"	B. Cav.	Arkansas Line, Oct. 4, 1863	Berryville
W. A. Hancock	Lieut.	Neat's Battery	Arkadelphia, Oct. 30, 1863	Marion
D. S. Branaugh	"	16th Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Liberty
P. H. Benson	"	23d Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Jonesboro
J. B. Baxter	"	23d Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Monroe County
Geo. W. Carter	"	23d Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Arkadelphia
M. Hixon	"	16th Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Shoal Creek
R. Y. Dillaird	"	2d Cav.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Nashville
C. M. Allen	"	2d Cav.	Cold W. Ford, Miss., 1863	New Orleans, La

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
P. P. Logan	Lieut.	18th Inft.	Gaines' Farm, 1864	Canton
J. W. Maxwell	"	50th Inft.	Coal Harbor, 1864	Canton
H. J. Moss	"	51st Inft.	Gaines' Farm, 1864	Blakely
W. R. Avaunt	"	61st Inft.	Gettysburg, July, 1863	Macon
J. B. Bently	"	22d Inft.	Gettysburg, July, 1863	Lincolnton
A. J. Barton	"	55th Inft.	Cumberland Gap, Sept., '63	Gainesville
J. F. Davies	"	14th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Amherst C. H., Va.
A. M. Green	"	12th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Youngsboro, N. C.
W. C. Cherry	"	4th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	West Point, Ga.
D. T. Harris	"	21st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Forsyth
F. N. Graves	"	61st Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Lumpkin
D. W. Goodwin	"	44th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Greensboro
T. J. Gurr	"	51st Inft.	Coal Harbor, 1864	Houston
W. H. Chew	"	7th Cav.	Trevillian Station, 1864	Augusta
G. H. Ford	"	7th Cav.	Trevillian Station, 1864	Wayne
R. Hervie	"	7th Cav.	Trevillian Station, 1864	Bogan

KENTUCKY—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
F. G. Eakins	Lieut.	12th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Hudson County
W. P. Crow	"	6th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Lincoln County
W. T. Dunlap	"	2d Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Marshall
W. A. Kendall	"	3d Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Lenton
H. Moles	"	7th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Albany
B. Logsdon	"	1st Cav.	Charleston, Tenn., Dec., '63	Sturgis
W. T. Leathers	"	7th Cav.	Buffington, Ohio, 1863	Lawrenceburg
L. D. Newton	"	3d Cav.	Buffington, Ohio, 1863	Union County
R. B. Haynes	"	6th Cav.	Buffington, Ohio, 1863	Lincoln County
J. S. Hughes	"	6th Cav.	Buffington, Ohio, 1863	Lincoln
W. B. Ford	"	8th Cav.	Buffington, Ohio, 1863	Winchester
J. D. Morris	"	8th Cav.	Buffington, Ohio, 1863	Winchester
A. B. Chinn	"	8th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Lexington
C. E. Richards	"	5th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Warsaw
B. F. McNeer	"	6th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Owenton
G. W. Hunter	"	8th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Bardstown
S. M. Cowan	"	6th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Summerset
D. N. Prewitt	"	6th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Perryville

KENTUCKY—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
J. O. Meddows	Lieut.	3d Cav.	Syracuse, Ohio, 1863	Benham, Texas
M. S. Aldridge	"	3d Cav.	Syracuse, Ohio, 1863	Dallas, Texas
S. P. Allensworth	"	2d Cav.	Salensville, Ohio, 1863	Todd County
S. S. Atkins	"	Private 10th	Mt. Liberty, Oct., 1863	West Liberty

TENNESSEE.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
Abe Fulkerson	Colonel	63d Inft.	Petersburg, Va., June, 1864	Roysville
F. N. Daugherty	Lieut. Col.	8th Cav.	Lexington, Tenn., 1864	Lovington
W. H. Craft*	Capt.	Murray's Cav.	West Tennessee, 1864	Nashville
J. P. Burke	"	2d Cav.	Corinth, 1863	Knoxville
J. W. Boyd*	"	6th Cav.	Corinth, Miss., 1863	
L. P. Carson	"	35th Inft.	Seymour Valley, 1863	McMinnsville
G. R. Campbell	"	Scout	Shelbyville, 1863	Manchester
T. T. Perkins	"	11th Cav.	Williamson County, 1863	Franklin
J. Pdyttle	"	23d Inft.	Bean Station, 1864	Unionville
Jno. Hicks	"	Scout	Hickman, 1863	Hickman County

*Took oath, Morris Island.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
J. H. Polk°	Capt.	1st Cav.	Meridian, Tenn., 1863	Ashwood
S. J. Johnson	"	25th Inft.	Drury's Bluff, Va., 1864	Sparta
J. R. McCallum	"	63d Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Knoxville
W. N. James	"	44th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Carthage
E. Boddie	Lieut.	7th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Gallitan
J. D. Jenkins	"	14th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Clarksville
H. C. Flemming	"	25th Inft.	Drury's Bluff, Va., 1864	Spencer
J. F. Landerdale	"	2d Cav.	Spring Place, Ga., 1864	Clayborne
S. A. Morgan	"	25th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Sparta
J. Ledford	"	25th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Livingston
C. L. Hutchison	"	63d Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Georgetown
M. A. Douglass*	"	44th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Gallenton
Thos. J. Goodloe	"	44th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Winchester
C. D. Covington*	"	45th Inft.	Lebanon, Tenn., 1863	Lebanon
Thos. E. Bradly	"	23d Inft.	Chickamauga, 1863	Dixon Springs
W. H. Anderson	"	1st Cav.	Columbia, 1863	Maury County
W. E. Knox	"	4th Cav.	Wilson, 1863	Shelbyville

°Exchanged 1864. *Took oath of allegiance.

ALABAMA—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
A. J. Kirkman	Lieut.	4th Cav.	M. Ridge, Tenn., 1863	Florence
Paul H. Earle	"	28th Inft.	M. Ridge, Tenn., 1863	Huntsville, Ala
E. J. Mastin	"	Staff	Charleston, 1863	Huntsville, Ala
D. E. Bates	"	J. Darthy	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Selma
J. L. Haynes	"	14th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Talledega
J. D. Bond	"	57th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Haynesville
W. H. Allen	"	49th Inft.	Port Hudson, 1864	Guntersville
A. C. Foster°	"	2d Cav.	Lauderdale, Ala., 1863	Florence
J. L. Leonard°	"	7th Cav.	Swanborn, N. C., 1864	Tuskegee
W. B. Bass	"	15th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Tuskegee
R. H. Adams, Jr.	"	Engineers	Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., 1863	Farmsdale

MISSISSIPPI.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
T. H. Johnson*	Major	1st Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Fernand, Miss
Thos. Boyd	Capt.	1st Inft.	Corinth, July, 1863	Mooreville
A. J. Lewis	"	P. Cav.	Clayborne Co., Feb., 1864	Port Gibson

°Exchanged Hilton Head Prison. *Exchanged.

MISSISSIPPI—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
J. L. Purgason	Capt.	32d Inft.	Corinth, May, 1863	Port Gibson
H. T. Coffee	"	48th Inft.	Spottsylvania, C. H., 1864	New Orleans, La.
T. Q. Munner	"	12th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Natchez
Chas. L. Barrett	Lieut.	P. Cav.	Port Hudson, Va., 1863	Port Gibson
W. H. Frizzle	"	12th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Holmes County
J. C. Carson	"	A. D. C.	Trevillian Station, 1864	Natchez
Wm. T. Jeffreys	"	P. Cav.	Clayborne, Miss., Feb., 1864	Port Gibson
Wm. L. Barton°	"	2d Inft.	Tupelo, May, 1863	Tupelo
Jno. R. Casson	"	27th Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863	Holly Springs
Joel W. Jones	"	1st Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Smithville
R. J. Howard°	"	1st Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Byhalia
B. S. Grant	"	42d Inft.	Falling Waters, Va., July, '63	Pontotoc
T. M. Bassonett	"	12th Inft.	Cheeter Gap, July, 1863	Union Church
J. M. Allen	"	29th Inft.	Chickahominy, Va., 1863	Grenada
Wm. M. Bullock	"	48th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Bovina
Thimothy Foley*				

°Exchanged. *Took oath of allegiance 1864.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
P. F. DeGurney	Lieut. Col.	C. S. Artillery	Port Hudson, 1863	New Orleans
E. S. M. LeBreton	"	C. S. Mil.	Port Hudson, 1863	New Orleans
E. J. Hall°	Capt.	1st Cav.	Port Hudson, 1863	New Orleans
J. G. Angell	"	5th Inft.	Rappahannock, 1863	New Orleans
Wm. B. Kemp	"	9th Cav.	Port Hudson, 1863	Greensboro
H. E. Henderson	"	A A G 3d Brg	Wilderness, May 6, 1864	Alexandria
L. M. Malchor°	"	7th Inft.	Wilderness, May 6, 1864	New Orleans
Jno. Elliott	"	2d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Carrol Parish
L. Jestremeska'	"	10th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Alberville
Jno. L. Lemmon	"	14th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	New Orleans
W. A. Martin	"	7th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Baton Rouge
Boliver Edwards	Lieut.	M. Legion	Port Hudson, 1863	Covington
J. C. Bartholmy	"	20th Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	St. James P.
J. Fickisen	"	14th Inft.	North Anna, Va., 1864	New Orleans
P. H. Cavanaugh	"	1st Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Liberty
J. B. Fitzpatrick	"	14th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	New Orleans
J. D. Bowerman	"	15th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Bastrop

°Exchanged. 'Escaped, 1864.

LOUISIANA—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
T. E. Kelly	Lieut.	5th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Bastrop
T. J. Henderson	"	9th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Evergreen
J. M. Burgess	"	8th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Holmesville
Dan Mahony	"	10th Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	New Orleans
R. M. Fletcher	"	2d Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Vernon
C. A. Chisholm	"	10th Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Atachalalago
C. J. Bachelor	"	2d Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	Red River Landing
John Kilmartin	"	7th Inft.	Spotts. C. H., May 12, 1864	New Orleans
Jas. R. Collingham	"	3d Inft.	Haynes Bluff, Miss., Apl., '63	Columbia
A. V. Duralde	"	9th Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Baton Rouge

TEXAS.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
W. A. Collier	Lieut.	7th Inft.	Raymond, Miss., 1863	Cofferville
J. E. Cobb[10]	"	5th Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863	Liberty
F. J. Duval	"	32d Cav.	Deer Creek, Miss., Jan., '64	Anderson
H. Coffee	"	1st Legion	Franklin, Tenn., 1863	Dangerfield
S. G. Anderson	"	11th Cav.	McMinville, 1863	Weston, Collins Co.

[10]After the war member of U. S. Congress.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
Van H. Manning	Colonel	3d Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Hanbury
M. R. Willson	Major	1st Bat. Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Hanbury
W. E. Stewart	"	15th Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Easton, Md.
D. Arbuckle	"	17th Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Fort Smith
J. L. Brent	"	18th Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Louisville, Ky
D. B. Coulter	"	12th Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Centre Pt.
Geo. K. Craycroft	Capt.	23d Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Chicot
J. C. Patterson	"	14th Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Yellville
A. B. Israel	"	1st Inft.	Missouri, Dec. 25, 1863	Ponchoton
J. McG. Jones	"	B. Cav.	Arkansas Line, Oct. 4, 1863	Berryville
W. A. Hancock	Lieut.	Neat's Battery	Arkadelphia, Oct. 30, 1863	Marion
D. S. Branaugh	"	16th Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Liberty
P. H. Benson	"	23d Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Jonesboro
J. B. Baxter	"	23d Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Monroe County
Geo. W. Carter	"	23d Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Arkadelphia
M. Hixon	"	16th Inft.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Shoal Creek
R. Y. Dillaird	"	2d Cav.	Port Hudson, July, 1863	Nashville
C. M. Allen	"	2d Cav.	Cold W. Ford, Miss., 1863	New Orleans, La

ARKANSAS—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
O. H. P. Caldwell	Lieut.	19th Inft.	Big Black, May, 1863	Magnolia
D. M. Coffman	"	Sheff Cav.	Missouri, December, 1863	Smithville
W. E. D. Evans	"	17th Inft.	Natchez, Miss., Dec., 1863	Washington Co.

KENTUCKY.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
J. B. McCreary	Major	7th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Richmond, Ky.
C. L. Miner*	Capt.	Shelby Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Waco, Texas
A. A. Norris	"	Morgan's Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Burksville
R. D. Logan°	"	6th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Danville
M. D. Logan°	"	3d Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Lancaster
Jno. B. Austin	"	2d Cav.	Dixon Co., Tenn., 1863	Charlotte, Tenn.
T. M. Hammack	"	10th Cav.	Rutland, Ohio, 1863	Morganfield
J. A. Fox	Lieut.	7th Cav.	Buffington, Ohio, 1863	Richmond
Geo. C. Nash	"	6th Cav.	Buffington, Ohio, 1863	Owen County
Benj. S. Drake	"	2d Cav.	Buffington, Ohio, 1863	Lexington
H. P. Dunlap	"	10th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Paris, Tenn.

*Took oath. °Exchanged Hilton Head, 1864.

KENTUCKY—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
F. G. Eakins	Lieut.	12th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Hudson County
W. P. Crow	"	6th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Lincoln County
W. T. Dunlap	"	2d Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Marshall
W. A. Kendall	"	3d Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Lenton
H. Moles	"	7th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Albany
B. Logsdon	"	1st Cav.	Charleston, Tenn., Dec., '63	Sturgis
W. T. Leathers	"	7th Cav.	Buffington, Ohio, 1863	Lawrenceburg
L. D. Newton	"	3d Cav.	Buffington, Ohio, 1863	Union County
R. B. Haynes	"	6th Cav.	Buffington, Ohio, 1863	Lincoln County
J. S. Hughes	"	6th Cav.	Buffington, Ohio, 1863	Lincoln
W. B. Ford	"	8th Cav.	Buffington, Ohio, 1863	Winchester
J. D. Morris	"	8th Cav.	Buffington, Ohio, 1863	Winchester
A. B. Chinn	"	8th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Lexington
C. E. Richards	"	5th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Warsaw
B. F. McNeer	"	6th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Owenton
G. W. Hunter	"	8th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Bardstown
S. M. Cowan	"	6th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Summerset
D. N. Prewitt	"	6th Cav.	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	Perryville

KENTUCKY—*Continued.*

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
J. O. Meddows	Lieut.	3d Cav.	Syracuse, Ohio, 1863	Benham, Texas
M. S. Aldridge	"	3d Cav.	Syracuse, Ohio, 1863	Dallas, Texas
S. P. Allensworth	"	2d Cav.	Salensville, Ohio, 1863	Todd County
S. S. Atkins	"	Private 10th	Mt. Liberty, Oct., 1863	West Liberty

TENNESSEE.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
Abe Fulkerson	Colonel	63d Inft.	Petersburg, Va., June, 1864	Roysville
F. N. Daugherty	Lieut. Col.	8th Cav.	Lexington, Tenn., 1864	Lovington
W. H. Craft*	Capt.	Murray's Cav.	West Tennessee, 1864	Nashville
J. P. Burke	"	2d Cav.	Corinth, 1863	Knoxville
J. W. Boyd*	"	6th Cav.	Corinth, Miss., 1863	
L. P. Carson	"	35th Inft.	Seymour Valley, 1863	McMinnsville
G. R. Campbell	"	Scout	Shelbyville, 1863	Manchester
T. T. Perkins	"	11th Cav.	Williamson County, 1863	Franklin
J. Pdyttle	"	23d Inft.	Bean Station, 1864	Unionville
Jno. Hicks	"	Scout	Hickman, 1863	Hickman County

*Took oath, Morris Island.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
J. H. Polk°	Capt.	1st Cav.	Meridian, Tenn., 1863	Ashwood
S. J. Johnson	"	25th Inft.	Drury's Bluff, Va., 1864	Sparta
J. R. McCallum	"	63d Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Knoxville
W. N. James	"	44th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Carthage
E. Boddie	Lieut.	7th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Gallitan
J. D. Jenkins	"	14th Inft.	Wilderness, 1864	Clarksville
H. C. Flemming	"	25th Inft.	Drury's Bluff, Va., 1864	Spencer
J. F. Landerdale	"	2d Cav.	Spring Place, Ga., 1864	Clayborne
S. A. Morgan	"	25th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Sparta
J. Ledford	"	25th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Livingston
C. L. Hutchison	"	63d Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Georgetown
M. A. Douglass*	"	44th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Gallenton
Thos. J. Goodloe	"	44th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Winchester
C. D. Covington*	"	45th Inft.	Lebanon, Tenn., 1863	Lebanon
Thos. E. Bradly	"	23d Inft.	Chickamauga, 1863	Dixon Springs
W. H. Anderson	"	1st Cav.	Columbia, 1863	Maury County
W. E. Knox	"	4th Cav.	Wilson, 1863	Shelbyville

°Exchanged 1864. *Took oath of allegiance.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Residence.
W. H. Adams	Lieut.	51st Inft.	Ringold, Georgia, 1863	Covington
Jos. Irwin	"	11th Inft.	Mission Ridge, 1863	Nashville
J. B. Lewis	"	1st Inft.	Union, 1863	Tazewell
W. B. Easley	"	48th Inft.	Hickman, 1864	Vernon
Y. R. Elliott	"	4th Cav.	White County, 1864	Albany, Ky.
J. A. Irvin°	"	9th Cav.	Maury, 1863	Columbia
J. H. Henderson	"	3d Inft.	Munroe, 1864	Madisonville
B. Arnold	"	31st Inft.	Huntsville, Alabama, 1864	Sparta
W. E. Allen	"	60th Inft.	Big Black, Miss., 1863	Newport
H. H. Cook	"	44th Inft.	Drury's Bluff, Va., 1864	Franklin
W. A. Cameron*	"	25th Inft.	Drury's Bluff, Va., 1864	Sparta
J. G. S. Arrants	"	63d Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Zollicoffer
J. H. Hastings	"	17th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Shelbyville
Z. W. Ewing	"	17th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Lewisburg
A. J. Ebgey (died)	"	17th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Columbia
Jno. M. Hooberry	"	44th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Nashville
Jno. M. Henry	"	44th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Hartsville
W. C. Campbell	"	25th Inft.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Cooksville

°Exchanged 1864. *Took the oath.

DIED ON MORRIS ISLAND. BURIED —

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Date of Death.
W. P. Callahan	Lieut.	25th Tenn Inft	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Sept. 26, 1864
Frank P. Peake	"	Bryn Artillery	Cheshire, Ohio, 1863	October 2, 1864
J. C. C. Cowper	"	33d N. C. Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., 1863	October 15, 1864 (Old Mound)

RECAPITULATION.

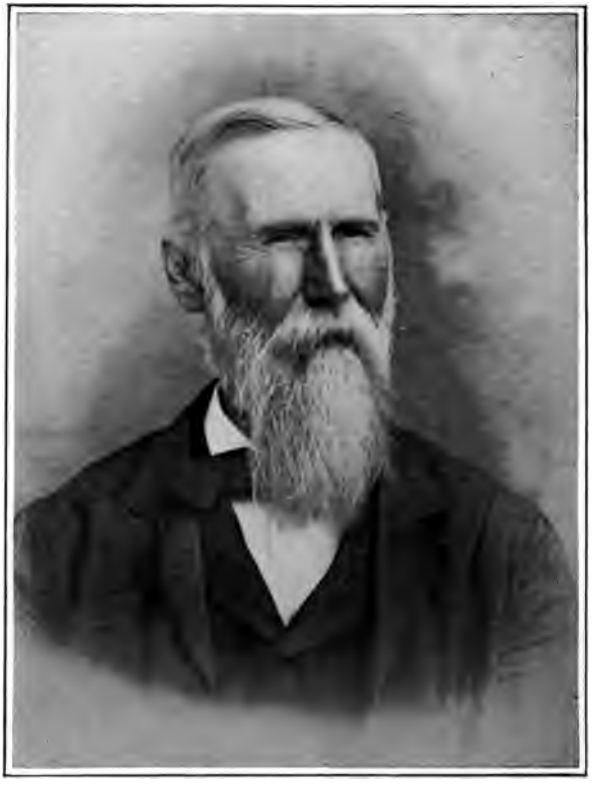
Recapitulation	In Stockade.	In Hospital.	Died.	Exchanged.	Escaped.	Sent to Beaufort, S. C.	Died at Beaufort.
Maryland	6						
Virginia	171	1				14	
North Carolina	102	1	1			7	
South Carolina	21	1	1	1		2	
Georgia	58	1				1	
Florida	9					1	
Alabama	22				1	3	
Mississippi	19					2	
Louisiana	27					4	
Texas	5						
Arkansas	21	1	1			4	
Missouri	8						
Kentucky	32	1			1		
Tennessee	45	2	1			1	1
Total	527	7	4	1	2	39	1

Under fire, 558.

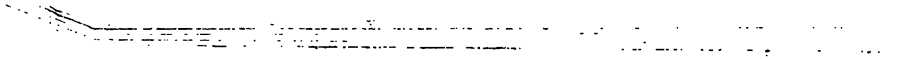
Not under fire, 42.

Total number sent from Fort Delaware, 600.

This list was made October 16, 1864; changes not noted except removal of Captain Boyd and the wounding of Captain Blair and Lieutenant Harris by negro sentinel at Morris Island, S. C.



LIEUTENANT GEO. F. KEISER
5th Virginia



PRISONERS OF WAR OF 600 SENT FROM HILTON HEAD TO BEAUFORT HOSPITAL AUGUST 30, 1864, BEFORE BALANCE WERE PLACED UNDER FIRE ON MORRIS ISLAND.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Disease, Etc., Etc.
Evan Rice	Lieut. Col.	55th Va. Inft.	Falling Waters, Va.	Chronic Diarrhœa
A. A. Sumdler	Major	7th Va. Inft.	Rappahannock, Va., 1864	Lost left leg
E. Carter	Capt.	8th Va. Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., 1863	Wounded right leg
J. B. Fitzgerald	"	B. W. R.	Gettysburg, Pa., 1863	Mental, died Ft. Pulaski, 1864
W. T. Johnson	"	18th Va. Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., 1863	Wound in right thigh
Geo. Hopkins	"	10th Va. Cav.	At Home	Lost eye
E. D. Camden	"	25th Va. Inft.	Spottslyvania C. H., 1864	Erysipelas
R. S. Elam	"	22d Va. Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., 1863	Lost left leg
N. A. Haskins	Lieut.	25th Va. Inft.	Wilderness, Va., 1864	Erysipelas
C. D. Chadwick	"	33d Va. Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Chronic dysentery
C. R. Darricut	"	Stewart's Art.	Hanover C. H., 1864	Wounded left arm
J. P. Chalkey	"	14th Va. Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., 1863	Lost right leg
G. B. Long	"	11th Va. Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., 1863	Wound in shoulder
L. C. Leftwich*	"	C. S. N.	At Sea, May 7, 1864	Wound in left lung

*Exchanged, 1864.

Continued.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Disease, Etc., Etc.
R. M. Atkinson*	Capt.	2d N. C. Cav.	Hanover C. H., 1864	Chronic Diarrhœa
A. S. Critcher	"	37th N C Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Chronic Diarrhœa
J. C. Garman	"	2d N. C. Inft.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Billious fever
A. A. Cathey	"	34th N C Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863	Lost left leg
I. H. Gilbert	"	37th N C Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863	Chronic Diarrhœa
E. W. Dassey	Lieut.	11th N C Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863	Lost left leg
R. A. Glenn*	"	22d N C Inft.	Hanover, Va., 1864	Chronic Diarrhœa
J. W. Burt	"	7th S. C. Inft.	Gettysburg, Pa., 1863	Lost left leg
F. M. Boughman	"	1st S. C. Inft.	Hanover, Va., 1864	Chronic Diarrhœa
J. S. Green	"	4th Ga.	Wilderness, Va., 1864	Wound right arm and side
Jas. Collins	"	5th Fla.	Wilderness, Va., 1864	Chronic Diarrhœa
J. D. Meddows	"	1st Ala. Inft.	Port Hudson, 1863	Both legs wounded
W. A. Ledyard	"	3d Ala.	Gettysburg, Pa., 1863	Lost left leg
W. H. Bedell	"	1st Ala. Cav.	Tennessee, 1863	Wounded in foot
A. H. Farrar	"	13th Miss	Gettysburg, Pa., 1863	Wounded in left leg

*Took oath of allegiance.

Continued.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	Disease, Etc., Etc.
Lamar Fontaine	Private	10th Miss	Lexington, Alabama, 1863	Wounded in thigh and knee
W. E. Oriely	Lieut.	9th La.	Rappahannock, Va., 1864	Wounded left ankle
Jas. Martin	"	1st La.	Gettysburg, Pa., 1863	Wounded left arm
Sam E. May	"	10th La.	Gettysburg, Pa., 1863	Wounded left arm
W. A. Fernney	Capt.	3d Ark.	Arkansas, 1863	Wounded left thigh
H. L. W. Johnson	"	12th Ark.	Port Hudson, 1863	Lost leg
J. W. Green	"	23d Ark.	Port Hudson, 1863	Lost arm
W. B. Burnett	"	10th Ark.	Port Hudson, 1863	Lost right foot
M. S. Bradburn	"	16th Ark.	Port Hudson, 1863	Chronic Diarrhœa
J. M. Cash	"	4th Tenn.	Lexington, Kentucky, 1863	Chronic Diarrhœa
R. C. Bryan	"	2d Tenn.	Salem, Mississippi, 1863	Died Oct. 5, 1864

This list of officers were exchanged December, 1864, from Beaufort, S. C., except Lieutenant Leftwich, who was exchanged at Hilton Head. Lieutenants Glenn and Atkinson took oath.

ESCAPED.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	From Crescent City boat Aug. 24, 1864
Geo. W. Woolford	Colonel	S. C. Cav.	Tallehassee River	Ship Crescent City
G. H. Ellerson	Capt.	3d Ala.	Fredericksburg, Va., 1864	Ship Crescent City
W. E. Stewart	Major	15th Ark.	Gettysburg, Pa., 1863	Hospital, Ft. Pulaski
W. H. Hatcher	Lieut.	42d Va.	Spottsylvania C. H., 1864	Hospital, Ft. Pulaski

EXCHANGED MORRIS ISLAND.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	
Henry Bruist	Capt.	27th S. C.	Petersburg, Va., 1864	Sept. 27, 1864.

TAKEN OUT OF STOCKADE PEN AFTER THIS LIST WAS MADE.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	Captured—Date.	
J. W. Boyd	Capt.	6th Tenn. Cav	Corinth, Miss., 1863	

For other changes see * † of other lists, bottom of page.

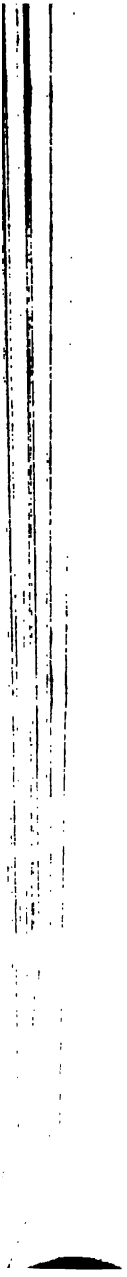
CONFEDERATE OFFICERS PLACED IN CONVICT PRISON AT HILTON HEAD FOR CUTTING BUTTONS OFF COAT OF OATH-TAKER AND MAKING PLAN TO ESCAPE.

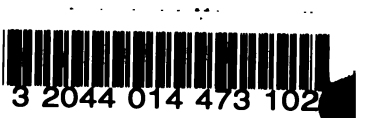
Name.	Regiment.	Rank.	Date Confinement.	Date Released.
Van H. Maning	3d Ark.	Colonel	January 20, 1865	Feb. 16, 1865.
Thos. T. Perkins	11th Tenn.	Capt.	January 20, 1865	Feb. 16, 1865.
Wm. H. Kitchens	12th N. C.	"	January 20, 1865	Feb. 16, 1865.
G. R. Campbell	Scout	"	January 20, 1865	Feb. 16, 1865.
Peter B. Akers	11th Va.	"	January 20, 1865	Feb. 16, 1865.
Jno. R. Casson	17th Miss.	"	January 20, 1865	Feb. 16, 1865.

On February 28, 1865, the following officers attempting to escape from Fort Pulaski prison, were betrayed by one of the party — R. C. Gillispie — and recaptured, put in a dark cell in their wet clothes and kept there without fire for five days: Capts. W. H. Griffin, Md.; Kent, Ga.; J. O. Murray, Va.; D. N. Prewitt, Ky.; W. H. Chew, Ga.; H. P. Dunlap, Tenn. Gillispie took oath when captured.

The Officers, Prisoners of War, who took the Oath of Allegiance to United States, 1865.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.	
Jno. A. Baker	Colonel	3d N. C. Cav.	Fort Pulaski
R. W. Atkinson	Capt.	2d N. C. Cav.	Fort Pulaski
R. C. Gillispie	Private	45th Va. Inft.	Fort Pulaski
W. H. Croft	Capt.	Murray's Cav.	Hilton Head
J. G. Kelly	"	Eng. Hubert's Staff	Fort Pulaski
Chas. L. Miner	"	Shelby's Ky. Cav.	Fort Pulaski
W. Halliburton	"	Truman's Art.	Fort Pulaski Hospital
L. Berry Doyle	Lieut.	5th Va. Inft.	Fort Pulaski
R. A. Glenn	"	22d N. C.	Hospital
J. W. Davis	"	20th Va. Cav.	Hilton Head Prison
W. A. Cammeron	"	25th Tenn.	Hilton Head Prison
Tim Foley	"	19th Miss.	Hilton Head Prison
C. D. Covington	"	45th Tenn.	Hilton Head Prison
J. M. Mulvaney	"	27th S. C.	Morris Island
M. A. Douglas	"	44th Tenn.	Hilton Head
S. S. Atkins	"	10th Ky. Cav.	Hilton Head
J. W. Boyd	Capt.	6th Tenn. Cav	Morris Island





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